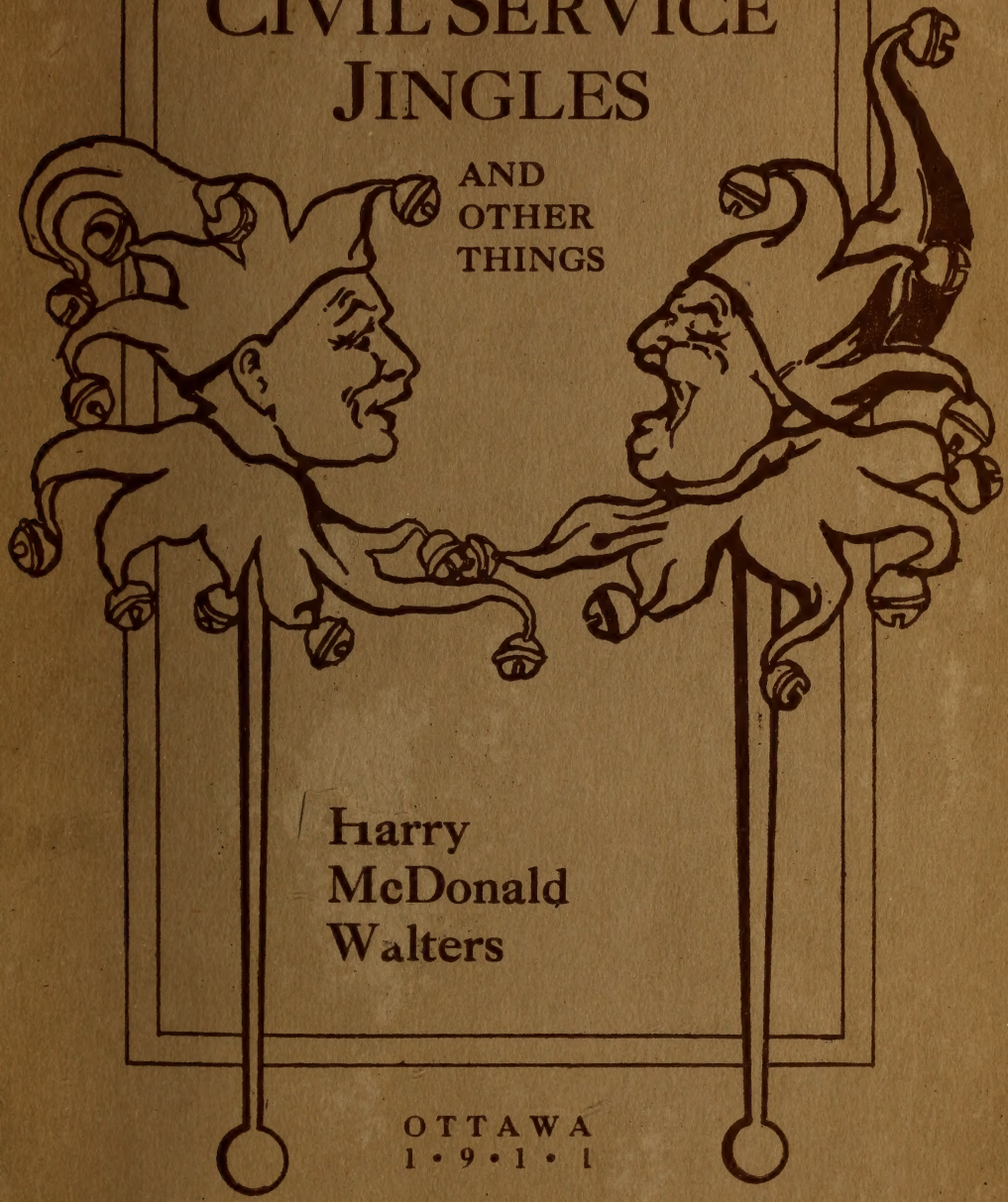
CIVIL SERVICE JINGLES

AND OTHER THINGS



Harry McDonald Walters

OTTAWA
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Wallace, p. 231

CIVIL SERVICE JINGLES AND OTHER THINGS

By HARRY McDONALD WALTERS

OTTAWA
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PREFACE

Mr. Walters has invited me to write a few prefatory lines to his volume of "Civil Service Jingles and Other Things", and I cheerfully comply, although it may be at the risk of doing harm to his really meritorious enterprise. It has been my privilege to read many of these selections in manuscript, and some of them have already seen the light of day in print. I have frankly encouraged him to make up the present collection and give his fellow civil servants an opportunity to have it in library form. He may have been influenced in a positive way by this advice, and to that extent I find an excuse for adding my commendation now. I really like these aptly named "Jingles", which have clearly been written more for the idle hour than the study. They appeal to me as revealing a bright and observing mind, combined with the rare gift of putting ideas into an entertainingly satirical shape. They are witty without being unwholesome, and while they are not in any sense pretentious, they are nevertheless distinctly creditable to Mr. Walters' genius.

J. L. Payne.

THE SONG OF THE EXTRA CLERK

We are a fine body of men,
All truly good knights of the pen,
For our knowledge and work
Every permanent clerk, 1.
Gets all of the credit "ye ken."

You never hear about we,
And the reason is clear as can be,
If they take notice of us,
There would be a fuss,
For we'd have to get paid, don't you see?

As it is, the Permanent Staff,
In its sleeve has reason to laugh,
For the poor Extra Clerk, 2.
Does most of the work, 3.
While considered merely riff-raff.

We never get drunk on our pay
As "permanents" do, so they say,
If we did we'd be sick,
For they'd throw us out quick,
And we'd lose our "so much" a day.

It pains us to hear the remarks
Made by the Permanent Clerks, 4.
About their low pay,
And the Parliament's way
Of acting by Fitz and by sTarts. 5.

When you come to boil down the facts,
Notwithstanding things in the Acts,
Permanent Staff is too small
Or is no good at all,
Else why Extra Jimmies and Jacks.

1. Pronounce as written CLERK.
2. Do it again.
3. Reference D. P. W.
4. Pronounce Clerk as in the "upper suckles."
5. This joke was first made in 1902.

THE PARABLE OF GASTONIO

AND HOW HE SAVED HIS BACON

And Gastonio was sore afraid; he quaked with fear so that his knees wobbled, and his face paled even to the brown wart on his nose.

And the reason thereof was that his brother Alphonso was discovered.

And he lifted up his voice, and it was a heavy voice, and he roared like unto the roar of a bull, and he cried out, "If my brother Alphonso is discovered, I am found."

Now Alphonso, the brother of Gastonio, was a lobster, strong in the claw but weak in the headpiece, and he was expensive and needed much money.

And Alphonso had a large open face with nothing behind it; but Gastonio had a small narrow face and behind it was much.

And these two were in the service of the King—Gastonio the elder, because he knew things, and Alphonso because his brother Gastonio was in it.

And it came to pass that Alphonso used much public money, but gave little service therefor. And the multitude became wise and discovered Alphonso in his ill-doing. And Gastonio was sore afraid lest he, too, should be separated from his breath. And so he wept and lamented that he had closed his eye to the doings of Alphonso.

And there was a great meeting of the rulers of the people, in the House which is called Common, because it is so. And they made inquiries into things. And one of the things was Alphonso.

And so the Rulers called Gastonio before them and demanded of him saying: "Where is thy brother? What doeth he? And wherefore doth he live on the fat of the land, yet toil not, neither spin, except such yarns as are called "smutty"?

And Gastonio communed within himself, with fear and trembling.

"Speak," said the rulers, "or be condemned."

And, behold, a cunning scheme came into the mind of Gastonio, and he spoke thusly: "Know ye my masters, that the doings of my brother Alphonso are not to my cognizance. Some one thinking to curry favour in my sight hath appointed him and put this money in his hand without my knowledge or consent."

"Then," said the Rulers, "we must have an investigation."

And immediately Gastonio was aware that he was saved, and he smiled a long smile in his sleeve, for he knew that He who is Investigated is Safe.

THE RISE AND FALL OF TRIPE

In the reign of the Caliph John Aye the great Mac, there dwelt in the Mountain City, a poor scribe called *Patrie-pa*, a son of the East who made a precarious living pen pushing; and the neighbors of Patriepa and the neighbors' little boys referred to him as "Tripe" for short. One day Tripe, while carrying a large roll of Manuscript to a customer, stopped to rest himself upon the steps of a great palace; the air that came from within the palace was scented and sweet, and besides strains of beautiful music were wafted on the summer breeze accompanied by the dulcet notes of nightingales and things.

From the melody, and smell of savoury dishes, Tripe concluded that a feast with great rejoicing was in progress; being of an enquiring turn of mind he was curious to know who so rejoiced and the reason thereof, so he hied him to the back door of the palace and enquired of the servants the names of the revellers. "What?" replied one of them, "do you live in the Mountain City and know not that this is the feast of the Conservers, the body-guard and henchmen of the Great Mac?" "Holy Smoke," said Tripe loud enough to be heard, "consider the diff. between these and me; I am exposed every day to duns and Bailiffs and such, and can scarcely get pea-soup for myself and family, while these popular politicians expend the riches of the people and lead a life of pleasure. What have they done to enjoy a lot so agreeable, and what have I done to deserve one so wretched?" While poor Tripe was thus complaining a servant came out of the palace and bade him follow him, as the Caliph Mac had heard his wail and would speak with him. Trembling, Tripe followed the servant into the presence of the Great Mac, who by giving the poor fellow the glad hand, soon put him at his ease. Mac enquired kindly after his health, and on examining his Manuscript was much pleased with the turn of his P's and Q's; Mac being ambitious at the time to stand well with those of the East thought that if he raised this poor Tripe it would be noised about and he would find favour in the eyes of the East; so he said to Tripe, "So, so my good scribe, you complain of your lot and wail aloud when times are good! How now would you like a position under us? I will make you one of my Chief Squirts, at Umpty pieces of Silver now and again and pickings: what say you?" Now Tripe although poor was no slouch; he had much cunning and was no moss back; and so albeit the position of Squirt was no great dignity, he abased himself before Mac and accepted his offer with much flow of thankful words.

Before many moons had passed Tripe had shown such aptitude as a Schemer and became so useful to Mac that he was

promoted from Chief Squirt to High Jobber, and from that rose finally to be Mac's Wind Raiser, and so remained until the death of Mac. Now when Mac died, the Conservers who were in power hoped to elect another Caliph in his stead of their own stripe, and in this they did temporarily succeed by electing one Tomtom; but they trotted in hard luck, for Tomtom was soon gathered to his fathers, and when they replaced Tomtom by the Caliph Scrupper they were defeated on the first onslaught of the Liberators, who deposed Scrupper and elected Wilfridus, the Silver Tongue, in his stead. In this way was Tripe thrown on his beam ends, but nothing daunted he straightway went to Wilfridus, and by arguments of how he had enabled the Grand Old Man to raise the wind, and by informations of all the secret hiding-places of the Conservers, and saying also that anyway at heart he had never been a Conserver, but really a good hot Liberator, he so worked upon the credulity of Wilfridus, who was new to the game, that Wilfridus reinstated him in the position of Wind-Raiser and also made him Sinister of Wublic Perks, requiring only in return that he should make a public exhibition of himself by changing his Blue Coat of the Conservers for the Red Coat of the Liberators. Thus did the cunning Tripe remain in power when his friends fell. Immediately, Tripe, to show his ardour for his new party, put forth all the power of his ability and raised so much and such beautiful and Balmy Winds for the Liberators that they marvelled at his power, and to aid him in his art they presented him for his uses a cunningly contrived Organ with many keys and stops, and capable of playing tunes and airs to please everyone, and they called this wonderful organ "The Paps." And now Tripe began to think he was the whole thing, and that without him and his organ the Liberators and even Wilfridus himself were Small Potatoes; and he ground his organ to suit himself and played wicked and mischievous airs thereon which not only stirred up the Conservers, but annoyed many High Liberators. He also put on his "Chapeau Parlant" and visited strange countries, and the country of his forefathers and he talked through his Chapeau much rot and vanity, and he ran off his trolley and went away up in the air and thought he was a balloon and that the whole world was watching his flight; but some good staunch Liberators who were disgusted with his antics fantastique gave him the knife so that his wind was let out where his sense had gone. He fell and fell hard.

Thus did the cunning Tripe fall and pull others down with him.

Moral—? ? ?

Dream not; while thou dreameth another moveth.

WILLIE

HOW HE LIVED AND WHY HE DIED

In the first place Willie was unfortunate enough to be born, in which circumstances he was not unique. He was unfortunate also in the circumstance that he was born of poor, but dishonest parents, of that class who spend their lives in a useless struggle to keep up appearances and prevent their poverty being known and talked about.

While Willie was unable to talk, the circumstances of his parents had no effect on him; when nice people called on his mamma and said how delighted they would be to see the baby, he was playing on the floor in one garment and none the less happy that he had no clothes fit to be seen in and that the nice people had to be told things that were not—that he was out with the nurse, or asleep or ill. He was fortunate in this.

By and by Willie grew to an age when his surrounding circumstances began to impress him more or less, and one of the first impressions he received was that his parents went to a horrible amount of trouble to appear better off than they were.

When Willie began to go to school he had come to several conclusions about things and one of the conclusions he had come to was, that if people took so much trouble, as he saw his parents do, to appear well off when poorly off, it must be, if not absolutely wrong at least a grave fault, to be poor, and a fault to be ashamed of, which of course it is.

Consequently, Willie argued, it is a man's first business to become well off. Seek first dollars and all things shall be added unto you. Many children have this idea and some never get over it, Willie never got over it.

Willie heard that "anything can be bought," that "every man has his price," that "a man's best friend is his money," and a great many other equally wise and true saws.

So it came about quite naturally that Willie set the dollar up in his mind as something to be venerated, and overlooked the fact (quite naturally too) that the dollar is a means to an end not an end.

Willie's parents were of the opinion that the next best thing to having dollars is to make a bold pretense of having them and Willie was too young to criticize their judgment.

Willie's father was of the opinion that the most important thing to attend to in this life was the getting of more dollars than you need, and that next in importance to that was the adding to your surplus. Willie saw that his father was a failure in his own eyes and he saw the mighty struggle he made to hide his failure.

Willie was unfortunate in being bright enough to observe these things and not bright enough to judge wherein they were poor philosophy.

When Willie was old enough he went into a broker's office and there he observed that a great many were the same kind of poeple as his pa and his ma, and he made up his mind that he had to become rich to escape the miseries that trying to be SOMEBODY on NOTHING entailed.

Willie had youthful inclinations, but the fear of poverty had been so drubbed into him that he curbed all such, promising himself that he would follow them when he got rich.

Ten years with the brokers gave Willie no liking for the business or affection for his employers, but he never dreamed of risking having idle time on his hands earning no money by throwing up a sure thing for an uncertainty.

He thought of marriage at this time, but put the thought aside by promising himself the joys of a happy marriage when he got rich. His close attention to business and saving and cautious ways gave him a high place in the estimation of his employers, who now and then "let him into good things" and Willie's bank account began to swell and his heart to shrink. He had never set up in his mind a definite figure to represent riches, but he had an indefinite idea of something in the neighbourhood of a million or so. Time did not wait for Willie to get rich, it sped on. Willie became a partner in his firm, became worth a million, two million, three million. He buried the other members of his firm, settled with the widows cheap and became "THE FIRM" worth more millions. He forgot all about youthful pleasures, all about marriage, all about life, all about death, all about everything but dollars; dollars claimed all his time and thought, everything became trivial except dollars. Instead of Willie owning the dollars the dollars began to own him.

Close attention to the business of caring for, watching and nursing dollars for so long a time at last told so on Willie's health that he broke down, his liver, his kidneys, his heart and his lungs and other unnecessary appendages refused to do business even for dollars.

Doctors were called in.

Doctors said, "Willie must rest."

But Willie had never rested, he did not know how to rest.

"Enjoy yourself," said the doctors, but Willie had never enjoyed himself.

"No more brain work," said the doctors, but Willie's brain had gained the momentum of constant habit and did business on its own account. Willie became morbid, brooding over his case; he could not stop his brain from thinking dollars, he could not satisfy himself that life was a success—so he blew his dollar-thinking brains out with an old shot gun.

A jury sat on Willie and decided that if a man with Willie's millions did not care to live, suicide was justifiable—and commendable.

Moral—Don't envy the millionaire; he gives up a lot for what he gets.

THE LOST DOLLAR

I lost a dollar bill one day, it wasn't much,
It wouldn't even pay the interest on one small debt,
And yet it made me that dodgasted sore,
I dreamed about it for a week or more.
And if I went to buy a tie or collar,
I'd think what more I could have had,
Had I not lost that dollar.
I cut my smoking down, reduced my drinks,
And padded my accounts with skill,
Hoping to catch up with that lost bill;
But no matter how I'd cut and scrape,
Figure it as I would in any shape,
I still remained behind that cussed piastre,
It loomed up disproportionate like a huge disaster,
Until one day after a plenteous dinner,
Feeling quite satisfied as any sinner,
I fell to thinking of discounts and commissions,
And laid the ghost of that lost buck
By charging it to Foreign Missions.
The virtue of the act gave me relief,
Balanced my cash and stayed my grief,
Now every date whereat I write
A charge to *Foreign* Missions,
I know,
That I've been out at night.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMANDMENTS

I

Thou shalt to the office come
Every day in the week but one.

II

Thou shalt daily write a lot
Whether it is read or not.

III

Thou must not loaf except by stealth,
Work is better for thy health.

IV

Sharp upon the stroke of noon
Thou mayst lunch, but get back soon.

V.

Simple and cheap must be thy fare
A sup of Ottawa, a breath of air.

VI

Thou may'st snooze incident'ly
But do thy snoring very gently.

VII

Hasten thou at four o'clock
But do it slowly without shock.

VIII

At four-forty brush the clothes,
Wash the hands and blow the nose.

IX

At five thou mayst steal away
Without warning or delay.

X

Thou mayst draw thy modest wage
When the month half turns the page.

XI

The Minister thou shalt not kill
Or curse the Civil Service Bill.

XII

When old and dull as any post
Gladly give thou up the ghost.
Then to heaven thou'lt surely go
Having worked and suffered so.

LOVE AND THE PHILOSOPHER

Once upon a time there was a happy Philosopher. He was not young nor yet was he old. The callowness of youth had passed and he was in his prime; in fact, he could not have been a philosopher without being in his prime. He had gained the sobriquet of Philosopher for the reason that he was known to possess an uncommon habit of taking facts, those stubborn things, and turning them over in his mind, examining them and coming to logical conclusions about them, but it was not the dignity of his name or his happy peculiarity that made him happy. Philosophy is a very satisfactory kind of thing, but its pursuit does not bring happiness, rather is it a drag upon happiness; any fool can be happy, but a Philosopher has to have reason therefor. Philosophy is a useful kind of break, preventing happiness from getting too hot and misery from getting too cold. The Philosopher was happy because he had been smitten, not smote with a club, but by a girl; he loved a girl and believed he was loved because the girl told him he was, which is a good reason for any fellow, but should not be for a Philosopher.

The Philosopher had never before enjoyed the luxury of love, so of course he knew nothing about it; it is one of those things the less you know about it the more enjoyable it is.

The Philosopher could hardly be expected to have the blind unreasoning love that attacks college freshmen. His love was as strong and ruling an emotion as a man can suffer; but it was tempered with reason. He saw the girl as she was; he saw her shining qualities, her sweetness, generosity, and truthfulness, dimmed perhaps a little by a will of her own. Truly the girl sometimes spoke without thought and her mind furniture did not exactly match the furniture of the Philosopher's mind; but he flattered himself that he could alter such small matters and even looked forward to the time when he could commence moulding her character to his exact liking. He loved her no less that he appreciated her faults; a girl would not be perfect without faults; she is not like a race-horse. One idle afternoon the Philosopher sat in his study enjoying himself with fancy mental pictures of the girl while he patiently waited till the clock indicated that he might go to the girl's house where, in his imagination, he saw her waiting as anxious as he. The clock's hands moved deliberately forward and finally came to the hour the Philosopher impatiently waited for, just the same as they would have done in any case. Time is the only thing that can laugh at love.

Time having liberated the Philosopher, he sped towards the locus of the girl. As he approached it he became agitated. He smiled to himself, sighed sighs; his pulse and heart increased their

rates; he blew his nose, examined his cuffs and gloves, fingered his cravat, and looked about to see if anyone was observing him. While he was thus pluming himself he received a severe shock. He could hardly believe his eyes, but being a Philosopher, of course he did believe them, and what they revealed to him was—the girl and another lady coming out of her home and taking a direction opposite to his. Here was a fact and the Philosopher immediately began to turn it over in his mind and examine it, at the same time quickening his gait in pursuit of the girl. The examination of the bare fact without cross-examination of the girl was eminently unsatisfactory. The girl knew he was coming at a certain hour, yet at that hour she went elsewhere. She might have been unavoidably called away, he told himself; but allowing that she had been, he argued: "What can excuse her for failing to look in the direction she knew I must come, to discover if I was near?" It seemed a small thing to notice against a girl, yet it seemed to demonstrate that at the time the girl was not thinking of the Philosopher and the disappointment he was going to receive by her act. This argued thoughtlessness for other people's feelings and a large development of egoism and vanity—"Yes," said the girl side of the Philosopher's mind, "at first blush it would seem so, but perhaps she is not going out for a long time, and perhaps she has left word for you or expected to return in time to meet you." Thereupon the Philosopher suspended judgment, but he had received a bad impression. He hurried up and overtook the girl.

"You might have waited for me," said the Philosopher, as he lifted his hat.

"Oh," said the girl, "where did you spring from? Did you call at the house? I left word for you that I had to go out for an hour. What makes you look so cross? Wouldn't you wait for me an hour?"

The Philosopher answered this array of questions as best he could. "I am not cross. I was just thinking. Certainly I would wait for you an hour, if it was necessary."

"Well, don't think, if you have to look cross," said the girl. "I'm so glad you caught us. Miss Gip here called for me to go with her to meet Mr. Rip on the Golf Links. He has his camera with him and is going to take us, and besides I want you to meet Mr. Rip; he is such a nice fellow."

"Why did you not look to see if I was coming?" the Philosopher blurted out. He wanted to come to a decision on the facts.

"Now, you're thinking again, I see by your face," said the girl. "I want you to be gay and not always looking for something to grumble about. I don't remember whether I looked or not."

The Philosopher came to a decision.

When the Golf Links were reached Mr. Rip was soon discovered—a young man with rush of words to the mouth,—who grated on the nerves of the Philosopher, who knew in a minute that he and Rip could not both be "such a nice fellow," which was rather vain of the Philosopher.

On the way home the Philosopher concluded that to marry the girl was no fair match; he was a heavy-weight and she was a feather-weight, no doubt; but no amount of training could train her up to his weight, or him down to her's.

So the girl married Rip and made him happy, instead of marrying the Philosopher and making him unhappy. You must either be blind to a girl's failings, or, knowing them, love them as part of the girl.

A little reason would prevent a lot of people from voting marriage a failure.

SONG OF THE SERVICE

I sing of the Service fast going to pot,
And it seems no one cares a tittle or jot,
Now, any jackass, when not eating grass,
Can bray regulations and have them to pass.
It looks much as if we were surely between
A reformatory school and a place not so cool;
And we look like fat little boys of fifteen
Who had played in the dirt
And when whipt had been pert,
And so had to go without our dessert.

We must sign every time we *come out* or *go in*,
And all our small faults are writ down as a sin.
In a manner to gall him, each is put in a column
Arranged to exhibit him naked and solemn.
Some day soon we expect to all carry passes,
And each Monday morn, at sound of a horn,
We'll line up for a dose of sulphuretted molasses,
And get a badge of red tape
To show any old ape
Our insides are in shape!

THE LAY OF THE CIVIL SERVANT

I am the very model of a modern Civil Servant,—
My ambition for the strenuous life's *particularly* fervent.
I know a host of pleasant facts and many a pleasing fiction,
Among which last I may include, a member's "firm conviction."
I know the day and month of every statutory feast,—
But why these days are "Holy Days," it matters not the least.
I know the Civil Service List and everybody's pay
And why they came, why they're here, and their likely length of stay;
I can see a hole in a ladder and know a Pull when I feel it,
And the modus operandi of getting a thing without having to steal it.
I know the Civil Service Act and how it's circumvented
Who is who in Parliament, what's real and what pretended.
I know about Elipse of Stress and why a bridge breaks down
And all about the vested rights and the powers of the Crown.
I know when to work moderato and when fortissimo,
What's the diff. between in and out, in fact I'm in the know;
I know about contractors and their peculiar ways,
How honestly they always act, especially when it pays.
I'm very well acquainted, too, with social etiquette,
Have shook Gov.-General's hands and Ministers have met.
And yet with all my knowing it grieves me much to say
That as yet I've not discovered how to get a raise in pay.
I have a ready flow of words, which passes for profundity,
But really a few scattered wits, are all that fills, my head's rotundity.

The dead level is the devil.

You need great ballast in your mind to spread a vast canvas of vanity to the wind.

A brave man may run from danger, a coward fight, a fool do wisdom, and a wise man folly; so consider a reputation, but count it not too high.

DE ROMANCE OF POMPIER NOMBRE TREE

Long tam ago, when I'm de young feller, I'm work on de Fire Stashun. I'm pompier on Depôt Nombre Tree on de Faubourg Quebec. I'm strong lak a beef dose tam, and doant afraid of notting.

Well, perhaps I have fear for wan ting; yes, fer sure, I have much afraid of de ole notaire Leblanc, not fer de raison dat he is more strong as me,—no ba gosh, I'm ver sure I'm give it wan ponch she's die right away,—but I'm fear fer de raison dat she is de fadder of ma belle petite Antoinette.

Ver well, I recollec wat Antoinette lok lak on dat tam. Bagosh I nevare see de beauty wan lak it. Fer sure she is de bess wan I doan't care; juce lak wot you call hangel.

Dats twenty year ago. Now she is big as two hunner pound and he have de gray hairs on its head; but she's de good wan fer me an I can recommember ver well when she is de little ting, belle comme une ange an can mek de dance lak fairy girl.

I'm ver fond of dat little Antoinette fer sure, but de ole man Leblanc she's not lak me ver much. I'm only Pompier on Nombre Tree: an when one tam she's see me kiss it several tam de little Antoinette on de passage she's get so mad lak a bull, an trow me off on de house an tell me go pass on de street an doan't come back some more. An Antoinette she's cry lak baby.

Fer sure dats de bad affaire fer me.

I'm ver mad fer de ole man Leblanc, an I'm go on lovin dat little Antoinette juce lak crazy mans. I can't eat, I can't slip, I can't do notting fer tink about dat little Antoinette.

After dat of course I see some tam de little Antoinette, on de sly, an de more I'm see de more I'm crazy; an I tink she's lak me purty well too.

One time I speak fer mek de ronne away marriage, but she doan't lek fer do dat; she have only seventeen year an me I have twenty year.

But by me by I have de gran eeday fer finish up de hole affaire. I'm work on de hook an ladder dat tam. I mek de bargaine wit de little Antoinette fer mak little fire on its house so I can save its life juce fer fun. Ba gosh I'm de most foolishness young feller on the whole Faubourg Quebec, but de poor little Antoinette she doan't fine dat foolish. She tink dat's de grande eeday an ver romantique.

Well, I fix hup de hole affaire an de night an de hour arrive fer de fire on de house of de old Notaire Leblanc. Fer sure I'm ver excite dat night. De hour come. Ten o'clocks.

I'm walkin up an down an walkin up an down an look de gong, and expec effery minute she's goin fer ring, gong! gong!! No ba gosh she doan't ring anny.

Five minute, ten minute, fifteen minute ronne away on de clock an den I get ver quiet, ver tranquil, fer I tink someting have arreeve so she can't mek de fire.

Twenty minute pass, twenty-fy minute pass, haff pass ten an den, Oh mon Dieu wot's dat? De gong!! she's sound bang! Dong! Dong, Dong, Dong, Dong. Dat's de nombre. Sapristi! I tink my hart's goin fur burss wide open.

I'm excite, I'm excite. Hurrah! hurrah!! de hors come out, de door fly opeen, so slow, so slow. I nevare see de like before. I yell lak tiger on de driver, "Lick de hors Alphonse, lick de horse." I'm hole on de side de hook an ladder an yell, an yell, an yell like hell. I tink we nevare get dere, an, Saint Esprit! when we do get dere I wish we have never get dere. Wot do I see? Mon Dieu! de hole house of de ole Notaire Leblanc en feu, de flame high on de sky, de smoke so much you can see notting; de crowd tick like fly, an yell, an yell.

Wot has arreeve dat night I can't tell; only wan ting, wan ting, juce de wan ting dats mek me mad, mek me crazy, mek me tiger, mek me devil.

Wot I'm care fer de house Leblanc? All I can hear is dat de poor little Antoinette he is in de house. I rosh on de house, I doan't hear some ting, I doan't see some ting, I doan't feel some ting. Wot I'm do I nevare can tell. I know only dat I fine de little Antoinette, my Antoinette, perhaps ded an hang out de window on de top storee an no way fer pass back de way I come. But de boys on de hook an ladder, dey doan't wait long; de ladder she's dere so close I can touch wid one han.

I'm strong lak a beef dose tam, but when I tek de little Antoinette on one harm an reach fer de ladder, hot lak a furnace, an swing masef an de little Antoinette out de window I know den I'm strong, strong lak twenty plow hors.

An den I know notting fer tree day, an when I'm ope de eye I'm in de csspital an cover all over wit bandage; an de firs ting I see is de little Antoinette sit dere on side ma bed an look me wid wet on his eye—

Oh, bagosh!! I tell you dis little histoire, but you bet my life de ole man Leblanc when he's die she doan't know yet why his house took on fire. De fire fer joke is fer sure no joke, an de old man Leblanc she doan't like joke annyway.

Buy not futures, whether of this world or the next.

Being a square plug, if thou findest thyself in a round hole, alter the hole.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BERNARDO

The Civil Servant bowed his head
  And keeping down his ire,
He begged and prayed the minister
  To make his salary higher.
"The winter's coming on," he said,
  "And everything's so dear
I can't afford to eat," he said;
  "And keep warm, too, that's clear."

"Rise! Rise! Even now a bill is drawn
  Which will take care of you;
Even while we speak of it
  It may have been passed through."
Then lightly rose that trustful clerk,
  His face no longer sad,
And hied him to the House to see,
  The bill to make him glad.

When lo! the bill being duly read
  And well conned o'er and o'er,
The Civil Servant couldn't see
  Where he got any more.
He pondered o'er it line by line
  And scanned it clause by clause,
But he'd be blowed if he could see
  For gladness any cause.

Then straightway to the minister
  The Civil Servant went;
He knocked upon the green baise door
  And in his card he sent.
And, when he saw the minister,
  He nailed him with a look,
And put the bill before his face
  And talked just like a book.

"What farce of bill is this?" he cried,
  "All framed with base intent;
You know full well, as well as I,
  It don't give me a cent."
"Why, really," said the minister,
  "It does appear quite so;
"But we can make another bill
  "Quite easily, you know."

And so another bill was made
  Just in the same old way—
That is, with plenty words,
  The clerk got very little pay.
But still he had the honour left
  Of working for the King,
Which although it doesn't pay,
  Is a genteel kind of thing.

The minister was not to blame,
  He did not give it thought—
Fact is, he didn't know as much
  About the matter as he ought.
Whatever he set out to do
  Was sure to do by guess,
Because of C. S. he knew little,
  And cared a little less.

The minister was not alone
  In his ignorance dark as night;
All the members of the House
  Were just in the same plight.
You know, dear reader, that the House
  Has many things to Do;
And it cannot think of them
  And the Civil Service, too.

Trust not the man who is honest because he fears hell.

Be ready and willing to modify thy ideas as years are added to thee.

The Game is not the acquirement of wealth, honour, power, position, or glory, for in no one of these things is happiness inherent. A little of each goeth a long way.

Pleasure is a mere word and meaneth one thing to one and another to another, he that dissecteth a worm or pinneth a bug on a cork hath pleasure therein, but who shall say which hath the more pleasure, the bug hunter or he that chaseth after ambition.

PARABLE OF THREE HAS-BEENS

Two old widows and an old maid, who had existed much longer than was necessary for the comfort and well being of the community wherein they dwelt, sat beside a comfortable grate fire furnished by Life Insurance, drinking tea, eating muffins and discussing Man.

A young married woman was also present but she did not count.

"I met that odious Mr. Blank down town to-day," said Mrs. Gabb, the widow who was providing the good cheer, "and do you know he stares every woman he sees out of countenance.'

"My dear," said Blabb, the other widow, "Blank is just like all the men; everyone knows him, but his poor wife."

"Oh, my gracious goodness," exclaimed the ancient maid, whose name was Slabb, "is Mr. Blank such a dreadful man? What did HE do?" And she hoped that poor Blank had done something dreadful and wicked so that she could hear about it.

"He hasn't done anything that I can hear about," said Gabb, "but that does not make him any better. The way he looks is enough for me. I know him; I know him; he is a very fast man."

"Mr. Blank seems a very nice man to me," ventured the young married woman meekly.

"That's it, my dear," said Gabb; "of course he seems nice, lots of them seem nice, but you are young; wait till you are as old as we are and you will discover that a man is not to be trusted because he SEEMS nice."

"Well, I am sure," said the newly married woman, "I can trust my Willie. He tells me everything and is the most truthful man I ever knew."

The Three Has Beens smiled in unison.

"I thought as you do," said Blabb. "Mr. Blabb was a very fine man in many ways, but he certainly could put Annanias and Sapphira in the cool shade when he found it expedient; and he was an awful man. You see they always commence by getting up a reputation for veracity, so they can tell you anything."

"Although I have never been married, thank the Lord, I must say I have seen enough of men to know that they are dreadfully untruthful," said Slabb, and she shivered in a way to suggest that the very idea of a man gave her a cold chill, while everyone knew that her single state was no fault of hers and she would give her eyes to call anything in the shape of a man MINE.

The young married woman went home thoughtful, the poison working in her mind. She wept a little and wondered how much truth there was in that she had heard, and if Willie was really what he seemed.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

9 TO 5

Nine to five for a starter to show the new Commish,
That they are doing something and to carry out some crank's wish.

Nine to five for the worker; nine to five for the sot;
Stay at your desk and wait for the hour, whether there's work or not.

Nine to five is good odds! Let us make them true,
We can, if, at election time, we all know what to do.

The drunkard holds his job, the drones stay in the hive,
And all is as rotten as ever, but the hours are nine to five!

The fool sits in high office; the bully continues to drive,
The grafter gets his "rake off", but—the hours are nine to five.

What to us of the hulks, if the summer do arrive,
With all its promise of outings?—the hours are nine to five.

What tho' the patient plod, the energetic strive,
Your task is never done, the hours are nine to five.

The loafer will persist to loaf, no benefit derive,
He'll show how little he can do from nine to five.

Here's to the brilliant one, whose brain made him arrive
And conclude that reform in the service commenced with "Nine to Five!"

May the item he calls his soul, and the stick he calls his spine,
Ache with toil and sweat with hours from FIVE TO NINE.

There is only one person in the world that you can successfully humbug—yourself.

No one can show thee the way that leadeth to thy happiness, but wisdom may save thee much discomfort.

CIRCUMSTANCES

A certain merchant who had risen from zero to four or five hundred thousand, was filled with the idea that he was self-made.

The idea increased until he was not only filled with it, but he overflowed so that he lost no opportunity to put his thumb in the arm-hole of his vest, throw out his chest and tell people how much patience, perseverance, energy and will power he had exerted to make himself.

He took much pleasure in smiling superior smiles at the young, striving and unsuccessful, and in relating how, unaided he had risen from an undershirt and trousers to a dress suit at dinner.

One evening the merchant was lounging in his library, smoking his perfecto and composing peans of praise to himself, when he became aware of the presence of an entity which stood before him regarding him with an amused expression of countenance.

"Who are you?" said the merchant.

"I am Circumstances; I alter cases," said the Entity.

"Oh, indeed," said the merchant, "do you want to see me?"

"I am forced to take cognizance of you," replied the Entity.

"Well, but what can I do for you? What is your business with me?" asked the merchant.

"You can do nothing for me," replied the Entity; "but I can do much for you and have done much."

"You must be making a mistake," said the merchant. "You are in the wrong house. I never had any cases altered and I don't need any altered now. Go away, please, I do not know you."

"Yet I made you," said the Entity.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense," said the merchant, "you must be a stranger hereabouts; everyone knows I am a self-made man."

"A self-made fool," said the Entity, "your memory is short and your vanity great. Do you remember the strike that took place when you were in the undershirt and trousers period of your life?"

"Yes," slowly replied the merchant, a little flurried to hear a stranger go back so far into his history.

"Well I made that strike case, and only for that case you would have starved to death. You became a scab workman by taking advantage of me."

"Really," said the merchant.

"Now," continued the Entity, "you remember your quick promotion; how you rose to be foreman?"

"Yes," quickly interrupted the merchant, "but you know that I was eminently fit for the position."

"Of course you were fit," answered the Entity, "but 'twas I who made you fit and I made the case. What good would your fitness have been without the case?"

"Well, but my dear fellow," commenced the merchant.

"Don't 'well but,' and 'dear fellow' me," interrupted the Entity, "the war that laid the foundation of your fortunes was my doing. You must admit that I made you or I am done with you."

"I will not admit anything of the kind," hotly replied the merchant.

Immediately the Entity became invisible. His sudden disappearance rather shook the self-confidence of the merchant, but a few hundred thousand makes a man very brave and assertive.

The merchant thought no more of his experience till he went to his office and discovered that his trusted manager had eloped with his daughter after having used up various negotiable securities. Then something seemed to tell the merchant that Circumstances had to be taken into consideration. And more lessons were forthcoming, for Circumstances altered so many cases that the merchant did not expect to be altered that he was finally reduced to his undershirt and trousers again. The front door of the merchant's house banged furiously and the merchant awoke to the fact that he had been dozing on the lounge of his own comfortable library with the cat asleep on his chest.

He patted and stroked the cat kindly and thought a few thoughts that did him a great deal of good.

When the merchant's cat had kittens, the one that was not drowned was christened Circumstance.

It is an honest church that pays taxes.

The poorest reason for being straight is fear of being crooked.

We go into Society to rid ourselves of the dull monotony of an empty head.

Say not in thy ignorance, "If I had wealth I would do so or thus," for no man knoweth himself sufficiently to foretell his actions under circumstances he hath not experienced.

THE EVOLUTION OF ALEXANDER

A certain man owned the name of Mike. While very young he had been brought from Mikeland, with a lot of other little Mikelanders, by a kind lady who made a very handsome living in a genteel kind of slave trade.

Immediately upon his arrival in America, Mike was rented by the kind lady to another equally kind lady, who needed cheap help.

Notwithstanding this inauspicious start in life, Mike made his way; he ran away from the kind lady who wanted cheap help and struggled up to manhood unaided by similar philanthropists.

There were washerwomen in those days; Mike married one, putting into the partnership, as offset to the washboard skill of his wife, a horse and cart that were not new.

Although Mike could neither read nor write; although he made his living by odd carting and by delivering clothes (which Mrs. Mike had washed) to the owners, and although he was not known to be entitled to any other name than "Mike"; he was proud and ambitious. He had no ancestors to be proud of that he knew of, so he was proud of himself, and his ambition was for his son, Michael, and he declared that "an eddication he should have, so he should." So Michael, the son of Mike, was instructed in the mysteries of "readin', 'ritin' and figgerin'," which were the length, breadth and depth of "eddication" to the idea of Mike.

Michael fulfilled the ambitions of his father.

Whether Michael profited more by the practical instruction he gathered from his father relative to horses, truck driving and general carting, or by his "eddication" it is unnecessary to conclude. Suffice it to relate, that by some means or other, and by attaining a high proficiency as a liar, he made a large fortune as a horse dealer, trader, stealer and manipulator.

Michael had an eye like a hawk. That is to say, he was a keen observer of things, which is perhaps superfluous information considering that he made a fortune; but his perceptive faculties were keen in other directions than those necessary to get other people's money and keep it; consequently he observed that in society, whereunto he had sunk by the weight of his wealth, he was at a disadvantage on account of his ignorance. The "ould man" Mike, looked up to Michael as a marvel of erudition; but Michael, although he did not know even what erudition was, knew that education was not his. He knew he was ignorant, but he held up his head and kept his mouth shut, which is one kind of wisdom, and he made a very fair show even if he was forced to be silent when people talked of things other than horses and dollars.

Privately Michael was of the opinion that Shakespeare was "outrageous," that there was no music without a "chune" to it; that the craze for old china was "a regular fake," that Japanese bric-a-brac were the worst he ever saw, and that most pictures that society raved about, and the "old masters" in particular, "bate the Dutch," but he never said a word. He never bluffed, so he never was called.

Alexander transpires at this point. Unto Mr. and Mrs. Michael was born one son, and they called him Alexander, no doubt hoping that he would be great. Alexander was carefully brought up among all the luxuries that dollars can purchase; of course the aforesaid luxuries had a newness about them which might be painful to the highly cultured; this was to be expected. Dollars, although they can purchase everything that goes to make luxury, cannot supply taste.

Michael worshipped education as his father before him had done, and he decided that "Alexander should have an education that would 'knock' the tar out of any education that ever was bought for money." Michael was ignorant of the fact that education is still a very uncertain quantity, and that even experts do not agree on what is necessary to constitute it.

Alexander inherited his father's intelligence and soaked up his education very readily. The details of his education are unessential to this tale. It is enough to state that he got it, as it is generally thought a gentleman should, through school, college and travel, and at twenty-two he was, as his father expressed it, "educated up to the handle."

Alexander's education bore fruit. The kind of fruit an education will bear depends much upon what kind of an education is planted and the ground it falls on. Michael expected that Alexander's education would bear fruit. What fruit he wished for or expected it is impossible to surmise, for he never expressed his wishes or hopes; not being a judge of educational fruit his ideas on the subject were probably rather vague. Alexander shone in society for a year or two, much to his father's delight, but at the end of that time his shining was no longer a novelty and was very expensive for Michael.

Michael decided to take his son into the horse business, which was still flourishing like a palm tree or a Cedar of Lebanon; he also decided that he should marry.

A very nice family which had very small means had a very nice daughter for sale; Michael bought her for his son. So these were wed. Big show wedding and honeymoon trip very expensive for Michael.

When Alexander returned from his wedding trip he balked on the horse business. "His wife was of such a nice family you know," and besides, "it is such a damnably plebian business, don't you know." Michael interviewed Alexander in his library,

in which were displayed a large number of beautiful books, bran new, and the result of the interview was that an occupation was agreed upon for Alexander. He became a stock broker. Seat on Stock Exchange and swell office, very expensive for Michael.

Alexander among stock gamblers and jobbers was like a lamb within the shambles. The motto of stock speculators is not "Love your neighbor as yourself," but is "Strike lest ye be struck." Alexander was struck many times and hard. He learned the business, but unfortunately for him, just about the time that he was beginning to consider that he knew the business he was cornered and crushed. He failed for an amount which was worth mentioning, which, of course, was very expensive for Michael. After the failure Alexander consented to knuckle down to the horse business, and about this time Michael began to give notes where formerly he had given checks. Alexander was of the opinion that he was now an experienced business man, but he wasn't, and he proved no addition to the horse business. Soon Michael began to ask for renewal on notes and things began to be said about him; no man has credit so good that he can afford to have things said about him. So Michael called a meeting of his creditors, and the estate was so bad that fine house, furniture, horses and carriages and everything that went to make the luxurious home were swept away. Everyone blamed Alexander for the ruin of his father, that is, everyone but Michael himself. Michael's views were expressed neatly and characteristically in a speech to his creditors thusly:

"Gentlemen, me son can tell ye all why 'telegram' is no proper word to use because its against the rules and regulations of strict etymology; he can tell ye all a lot of other things that ye don't know, ner me neither, but he does not understand money. I made a mistake in the education of me son, I neglected that branch of education which deals with the science of making and saving money and keepin' it when ye get it. Me son is a fine spender, he was educated that way; I think I can offer ye twelve cents on the dollar."

Michael is now slowly rising from his ashes as those who fit their environment must. Alexander is sinking in the outer darkness of the unfit.

As ye sow so also shall others reap.

By giving away your opinions you may discover their value.

He that enjoyeth many things hath many ways of happiness; he that enjoyeth but one thing may have no way.

PEACE

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when such things could be, came a young man of thirty-five years of age unto his friend, who was a politician—Big Indian, and "High Up"—and the young man spoke unto the Politician, saying: "Friend, for twenty years have I striven and strove; I have cut hay; I have hewed wood; I have laboured in the vineyard; I've made things with my hands, and schemed with my head; I have gone up against many games and fought for the wherewithal to keep a family and clothes upon my back. Now I am tired and would pass my remaining days in peace. Therefore, I pray thee order it so that I may have a Government Job and be happy."

And the Politician questioned the young man and asked: "*Peace*"? Did'st say that thou wouldst have Peace?"

And the young man answered and said, "I wouldst."

And the Politician said: "You know not what you ask. Peace never accomplished anything, and is not for the active-minded. You do not understand life if you desire Peace."

But the young man harkened not to the Politician, but pressed his request for a Government Job.

And it was so, even within a few months, the young man found himself a Civil Servant with regular employment and a small, but regular, income.

And years rolled on, as usual, until the young man became nearly elderly; yea, for twelve years he plugged and said unto himself: "Truly this is not exciting or elevating, but it is the sure thing that my heart craved, and I should be satisfied and happy." But the wise know that the "Should Bes" and the "Ises" do not balance; and the young man woke up to the fact that at forty-seven years of age he was neither satisfied nor happy, although he was willing to admit that he should be.

And it came to pass that as the young man sat in his office, working for the King, by punching holes in documents, that they might be strung on a file; on the twelfth anniversary of his conversation with his friend, the Politician, a great light broke upon him, and he saw the wisdom of the talk of the Politician. He looked about his office, and peered backward over the past twelve years, and he saw that he had had Peace in large bunches, and by the mile—yea, by the year and day—and he found that it was not in his heart to feel glad with his peaceful experience, and he reasoned with himself and said: "In a short fifteen years I will be in the Has Been class. I will have whiskers in my ears and my back will be humped and moss-grown. I'll be a back number, and be as a dead one; therefore, it behooveth me to get busy and do something worth while lest I get mental dry rot and be as a

beast of the field. Peace I desired, and now that I have found it, it satisfieth me not, but is a burden and ashes in the mouth.'' And thereupon he arose and got out and went against the world amidst those who were in the great struggle. And the world smote him and threw him down and swat him, hip and thigh, right and left; but he became patient and wary, and he husbanded his strength and sparred for an opening and kept cool; and, behold, in a little while came an opportunity unto him, and he up and grasped it and made it his, and he played the game so that others were 'ware of him, and the world bowed down to him, even to his feet, and when it came to pass that he was gathered to his fathers, all his children called his name blessed. See?

HER HAT

Oh, Kitty, she was sweet, the sweetest thing on feet,
If I could woo and win her my life would be complete;
I love her, oh, so dearly, but can never tell her that,
For I know I'd never suit a girl who'd wear such an awful hat.

When I look into her eyes I feel that she's a prize,
But when she puts her hat on, and I gaze upon the size—
Although I love her dearly, it is forced upon me that
I'd never suit a girl who would wear such a hat.

To chat with her's a treat; her figure's trim and neat;
She is the idol of my heart, I could worship at her feet;
But, oh, her hat's a nightmare, I can't get away from that.
Real brain, I'm sure, cannot exist, 'neath such a crazy hat.

And so I curse my lot and wish that I was not
So soft about the heart, and that Kitty had no blot;
But what's the use of fighting fate, my reason tells me that
The real soul of a woman's indicated by her hat.

THE MIKADO'S SONG

BROUGHT DOWN TO 1909

Mikado sings as formerly:

"My object all sublime,
"I shall achieve in time,
"To make the punishment fit the crime,
"The punishment fit the crime,
"And make each prisoner pent unwillingly represent,
"A source of innocent merriment, of innocent merriment."

All ranting hypocritical saints,
And Lord's Day Alliance mugs,
Baseball shall play the whole lord's day
To an audience of thugs.

The Suffragete who wants to vote
Whether we will or not,
Will be spanked by a preacher in order to teach her,
Her proper place and lot.

The Temperance crank whom any one catches,
His fate's extremely rough,
He's put up to his chin in a barrel of gin,
Till he drinks up all the stuff.

All Grafters with the itching palm,
And paw out for a bribe,
Will get down on their shins and confess all their sins,
To a Holy Methodist tribe.

The Banker who takes public money,
And gambles it in stocks,
Shall wear a hair shirt in squalor and dirt,
And walk with peas in his socks.

Beware of ruts, they are easy to get into but difficult to get out of. All habits are ruts, a good one is only a little better than a bad one, therefore do not become a creature of habit.

THE PETTICOAT

My son, beware of the soft voice of the petticoat.

The petticoat is full of guile and maketh even the strong go astray, while the weak she considereth as her's always.

It smileth and smileth when it weepeth not, and in both tears and smiles it bodeth no good to man.

It leadeth thee along the stoney path and jeereth at thee if thou remark thy bleeding feet.

It looketh toward darkness and declareth that there is the light of Hope and seeth darkness where there is only light.

It believeth in signs and omens and would hand thee bound hand and foot into the hands of the Church.

It beguileth thee into discounting the future and revileth thee when its counsels have brought thee to harm.

It inviteth thee to Vanity and the ways of the boastful; it falleth down and worshipeth at the shrine of the Golden Calf, and constraineth thee to do likewise.

It selleth what should be given and giveth what should be sold.

It beareth thee children as is its nature to do, and then boasteth thereof; it refuseth to bear and boasteth of that also.

It beareth thy successes with smiling equanimity, and tearfully upbraideth thee with thy failures.

It is short of sight and dull of apprehension and of logic and consistency knoweth naught.

It playeth merry hell with thy nerves, and beareth thee away in triumph lest thou are exceeding careful.

It liveth in the present only and is a sluggard.

It maketh of thee a LIAR in self-defence.

It is of a jealous and suspicious mind and crieth aloud "Wolf, Wolf," when there is no wolf, and seeth nothing of the danger that is imminent.

It gaineth nothing from experience, but persisteth in the ways of folly.

It knoweth nothing of justice and bendeth the easy knee to conventionality.

It is short in the heels and its equilibrium is unstable, and when it falleth it declareth loudly that it was pushed.

It declareth evil of its own kind and giveth the glad hand and merry face to the deceiver.

It rejoiceth much in scandal and maketh thy secrets public.

It knoweth things that are not so and denieth stoutly against facts.

It fawneth upon the strong arm and enslaveth the meek.

The henpecked is a laughing stock to his fellows, and the Petticoat rejoiceth thereat.

Look not upon the Petticoat when the wind bloweth; and when it rustleth seductively, harken not.

It putteth on clothes in manner and shape which is a reproach to common sense.

Better that thou put a mill stone about thy neck and straightway leap into deep water than put thyself under the dominion of the Petticoat, for it ruleth with a rod of iron and without discretion; it putteth a yoke upon thy shoulders which galleth forever.

THE LOVE OF GOD

He who can solemnly declare he feels the love of God,
Speaks in poetic sense, or else is freak or fraud;
For every lover who has loved, knows love must see and feel,
And only stirs man's mind for the material and real.
He cannot love who would, or cease to love at will.
To some it goes to make a life, another it will kill.
'Twere folly to declare love for the great Unknown
Who sits unscrutable upon a great white throne.
Can'st add a known quantity to a sign, the sign being undefined,
And get results to understand for a mere human mind?
Go to, God-lovers, wake from dreams; talk reason, if you can,
And if you have great store of love, go love your fellow-man.
Man must have love to live, and dies for want of it in jail and haunt;
While priest and parson preach and pray with vain display and vaunt.

OLE MAN GOV.

Ole man Gov.—
Didn't have no love
Fer any of his help,
How they lived or died,
When they laffed or cried,
Was naught to the ole whelp.

He sez, sez he,
"It's nuthin ter me,
What gait the critters ride,
If they makes ther day,
They gets ther pay,
That's me, an' durn ther hide."

An ye kin bet
The hands doan't fret
About ole man Gov. or hissen;
They does ther day
And pouches ther pay
An lets all else go fizzin.

Ye doan't ketch they,
A-gettin gay,
Seein ole man ain't done;
Not much, Siree,
They lets things be,
An hates that son of a gun.

So when he,
The ole screw-gee,
Raises pay up ten per cent.,
They doan't believe,
But up his sleeve,
There's a rod to some extent.

An tan my skin,
It it weren't within
A few weeks, less or more,
When that ole Sardine,
Lets it be seen,
Wot's wot, and we *uuz* sore.

Wot does he do?
This Reuben Glue,
He stretches the day out some,
By an hour and a half,
An' gives us the laugh—
We're so mad, that we sets dumb.

It's a dum long worm,
That doesn't squirm,
When ye foots it on his tail,
An I lays bets,
That some day we gets,
So square, it makes ole man pale.

THE PARABLE OF THE KING

Once upon a time the King of Spades got it into his head that he was the Whole Thing and by his vanity made himself very objectionable to the rest of the Pack. He became thoroughly confirmed in his high opinion of himself, when one evening he, with a couple of other Kings and a pair of deuces, beat a Queen Full on Aces.

His boasting became so tiresome that everyone gave him a wide berth and he frequently found himself in the Discard. This did not cure him, however, and he continued to be boastful, bragging of the great hands he had been in and the Queens he had captured until all the cards up to the nines left the Pack, leaving him in a Euchre Deck where he was nightly captured by Knaves.

Finally, he got so low, dirty, greasy and disreputable, that he represented the dark man in the pack the cook used to tell fortunes with.

Bragging is such an objectionable form of vanity that even a King cannot afford to indulge in it.

THE REVOLT OF JOHNS

One morning Johns went down to his office, opened his diary at the proper date, and wrote therein as follows:

"This day I have decided things."

No one reading this could possibly understand to what it referred, or what bearing it had on Johns, or his surroundings. Even if Mrs. Johns, who considered herself a very shrewd and far-seeing woman, had seen it, it would have meant nothing, unless she could have read Johns' mind, which she did sometimes—at least she claimed she did.

Johns, after writing the above as stated, looked it over thoughtfully, and smiling a sad smile, murmured to himself, "I wonder if I can do it without too much friction."

The facts in Johns' life which led up to his making the mysterious entry in his diary were his marriage, and all the happenings of three years of married life with the well meaning, rather charming, but somewhat obstreperous Mrs. Johns.

Fact is, Johns had begun to realize that he was henpecked, and had decided to reform. For three years he had systematically spoiled Mrs. Johns to such an extent that she was unhappy. She wept because she had, like Alexander, no more worlds to conquer. She had developed into a very talkative autocrat, or tyrant, or something very much like that. She invaded every department of Johns' life, regulated his smoking, drinking, eating, sleeping, clothing, and even his speech. Johns habitually dropped his "G's" and Mrs. Johns habitually picked them up for him. Before going out to spend an evening Mrs. Johns gave Johns very explicit instructions relative to what he was to say to this one, that one and the other one, and exact details of what he was not to say; then on the return home Mrs. Johns would carefully point out the many lapses she considered Johns had made and warned him against like breaks.

Johns was pitied and despised by his former associates, and people smiled when Mrs. Johns said, "Jack, dear," and Johns said, "Yes, my dear." He was down and out; at least, it looked like it until he wrote: "This day I have decided things," in his diary.

It would be wrong to conclude from the foregoing that Johns was a meek, pusilanimous, undersized, gentle and delicate man, without will or energy. Such was not the case. Meekness was not in him. He weighed 13 stone 3, stood 6 feet "in his stockings," wore a 7 hat, a 9 shoe, and showed decision and pluck in business. But he loved peace to such an extent that he would sacrifice nearly anything to procure it, and so he had come to make the mistake of spoiling Mrs. Johns by deferring to her in abso-

lutely everything, in the fond belief that thereby he was making home peaceful. After a three years' experiment in this direction he became wise to the fact that peace was not his.

Johns, among men, had always been called a "good fellow," and he was a good fellow; but not so good that he was an ass like some so-called good fellows. He was easy going and good natured; but not the type of the henpecked husband. He was a bad man to corner.

It must not be concluded either that Mrs. Johns was a vixen or a virago. No; she was simply a woman who had been made too much of; one whose path had been made so smooth that she had never been forced to think very much about anything; one who had received no training whatever in her development from a loving and gentle maiden to the equally beautiful, but somewhat sterner, married woman of three years' standing. Possibly also she had been badly advised by sundry old women of her family who were satisfied that they were authorities on the management of a husband, and that they knew all about the animal man and his varieties. Mrs. Johns was also influenced in her method with Johns by what she had seen in her own home, where her calm and dignified, but rather shallow, mother walked on all the rights and liberties of her father, who only claimed his own soul by stealth.

The foregoing is, of course, commonplace enough. Married people are to be seen on all sides dragging out a miserable existence, just for want of a little thought about the real cause of their wretchedness. Johns did not propose to be of the many. He had given the matter thought and saw wherein he was himself to blame for the discomfort in his life. He decided to make a change, and as a preliminary wrote in his diary:

"This day I have decided things."

The business of the day being done, Johns started for home. On the way he bought himself a hat, and put it on. He had never bought a hat since he was married, without the style, price and color, being passed on by Mrs. Johns. He dropped into his club, played a game of bridge and had a glass of wine with a friend, much to the astonishment of the boys; for all these things were known to be objectionable to Mrs. Johns. If Johns' name was mentioned in club circles, men smiled and said he had taken the veil. Leaving the club, Johns took a hansom and drove home, smoking a cigar, which hansom and cigar were other things objectionable to Mrs. Johns.

At first thought, the behavior of Johns may seem to have been positively brutal, in doing with malice prepense so many things objectionable to his wife. But there was some wisdom in his course, as will appear.

To relate such an incident as the action of Johns in the hearing of ladies would be productive of sundry indignant sniffs and

snorts, and such remarks as, "I would like to have seen him try it on me;" but the sniffs, snorts and remarks would all come from the same type of women—old stagers, not young, inexperienced things, like Mrs. Johns, just turned twenty-three.

When Johns arrived at his home, Mrs. Johns was on the verandah waiting. She was not looking very agreeable, for Johns was late for dinner—an unpardonable offence.

Mrs. Johns saw the cigar, saw the hansom, saw the hat, smelled the wine as Johns kissed her, and saw the time by her tiny wrist watch. Her first impression was that Johns was intoxicated; but a second look into his eye, and a consideration of his general bearing, told her he was quite sober. She was quite perplexed, non-plused, and, in consequence, mad, very mad, and hurt, too. Beyond all, however, she was curious to know what it all meant. She concluded, finally, that Johns had met one of his horrid former friends, and had been "showing off."

Mrs. and Mr. Johns, like well-behaved people, walked silently and decorously into dinner and sat down, both thoughtful. Johns had nothing to say, until cross-examination opened by the plaintiff. Mrs. Johns had lots to say; but was undecided where to commence in order to make the most of her efforts. She did not wish to seem puzzled or curious, so refrained from asking questions. She sullenly waited, hoping that Johns would venture to report and offer explanations, thus giving her an opening. But Johns did nothing of the kind. He silently and complacently proceeded to take his soup, which was very exasperating, altogether too much, in fact, for Mrs. Johns, who finally cast discretion to the winds and allowed her pent-up anger to have its way. She stormed and raved, and abused poor Johns till she was spent, Johns meanwhile making vain attempts to calm her and explain just in the way he had planned to do; but he got no chance till Mrs. Johns broke down and gave way to tears. Then Johns explained how he had been thinking about the many things his wife worried herself with, and how he had decided that she had too much to think of; and that he had done all the things he ought not to have done, like the miserable sinner mentioned in the prayer book, just to illustrate the number of things she was attempting to regulate, all to no end, because she only made him uncomfortable and failed to achieve happiness for herself. He put the matter very nicely and coolly, without losing his temper; but the kind of oil he attempted to throw on the troubled waters of Mrs. Johns' temper did not seem to be the right kind of oil, for she waxed frantic under his disclosures, and said things of all kinds, many of them quite untrue, among which last she said that she did not love Johns, never did love him, and never would; that she despised him; that he was a low, uncouth, and uncultured brute, and that it was only for the sake of appearances that she had remained with him and tried to make him fit for polite society,

and that he was just like other men, selfish and thoughtless after a few years' marriage.

Women say this kind of thing every day to men whom they worship, and never expect to be taken at par and never should be. The value of a statement by a woman is entirely different to the value of a statement by a man.

At this point Johns made a grave mistake. He took his wife's intemperate utterances at par. He was deeply grieved to learn what he thought was the real condition of her mind, and, believing, that all happiness was gone for him, and that there was no use continuing the painful scene, he made for his hat, intending to leave the house.

Mrs. Johns, seeing his move, ran to him and clung about his neck, saying: "Don't go out Jack; please don't go; you have never done this before; stay and be what you have always been to me; forgive me for saying such wicked things; they are not true, Jack; I do not mean them at all."

Here Johns made another mistake, he thought it was all over. He assured his wife that he loved her, and received like assurances from her. He kissed her, and she tossed his hair with loving fingers and smiled. Then as they sat together on a tete-a-tete sofa in the drawing room she sweetly said: "Now, John, promise me that you will never do anything like that again. You know I am always right about things, and so promise me that you will never go to the club again, or smoke horrid cigars, or play cards, or drink wine, or be late for dinner, or wear clothes I do not like, or, or, or anything." Johns paused. If he had said, "Yes, dear," he would have been ruined for life, and Mrs. Johns would have loved him less and less as years went by, and would have despised him always; but he did not say, "Yes, dear." On the contrary, he said, "No, dear; I cannot promise so much." And he explained as well as he could why he could not make foolish blanket promises, covering all his future life in all its petty details, and he tried to make her see how unreasonable she would be to insist on such a demand promissory note. He exampled husbands she knew, who notoriously hood-winked and humbugged their wives with wicked and foolish lies, because they were afraid to be themselves. He pictured to her the forlorn state of her father as a horrible specimen of petticoat government. He was eloquent, and he thought convincing, in his plea for some liberty. If Mrs. Johns had had half the common sense she prided herself on having, she would have accepted his explanation. She would have seen that it was just as foolish to expect to manage all the details of a man's doings, comings and goings, wearings and tastes, as it would be for a man to offer to do the same for a woman; but, of course, no person, man or woman, is quite as wise as they believe themselves to be, and besides, Mrs. Johns was still mad and thought she was in a con-

test for her liberty, instead of seeing that she was attacking her husband's liberty. She became cold and dignified, and calmly told Johns that he was a calculating, unsympathetic brute, and that she would forthwith return to her ma.

Johns begged her not to be hasty. He prayed her to think it over; but he was forced by the stubborn, spoiled woman, to choose between a general promise to give up all liberty of thought, speech and action, or allow her to go back to her mother.

Mrs. Johns, without delay or preparation, went to her mother, and remained exactly eight days, receiving during that time eight letters from Johns; but refraining from reply.

During these eight days Mrs. Johns made great progress in wisdom. She made many useful discoveries, and thought much. She discovered that living with mother was not half as pleasant as living with Johns; that home was not what it used to be in her single days; that mother was very self-opinionated; that Johns could write much more interesting letters than she thought he could; that there are several kinds of love and several kinds of love letters; and that Johns knew how to write them all; that Johns was not so pliable as she had imagined he was; and that, anyway, she would rather love a man who had character enough to assert himself than a weakling.

On the eighth day of her separation from Johns, Mrs. Johns was sitting alone in her mother's drawing room in the dusk of the evening musing on things in general, on her lot in particular, and on the revolt of Johns. She had the last letter from Johns tightly clasped in her hand, and she surprised herself saying aloud, "Poor Jack." A week prior she would have murmured, "Poor me." She was also surprised to feel tear drops in her eyes, and to find that resentment against Johns had no more place in her heart. She knelt down by the grate fire, and by its light she noticed the time on her wrist watch—half-past five. If she had been at her own home, Jack would be in or just coming in; he would be putting his arm around her and kissing her. What had he done, anyway, that was so dreadful, that she should leave him? He was certainly the best behaved man she knew. What was he doing now?

A sudden impulse seized her. She rushed to her room, and hastily donned a wrap, and hurried out towards her own home, wondering what she was going to do, what she was going to say, and what she was going to see; but nothing seemed to matter except that she must see Jack.

As she neared the familiar door she automatically put her hand into her bag for her key. It was there. Trembling now and eager, she opened the door and slipped in. All was quiet. Without expecting to see any one, she pushed her head between the portieres of the drawing room door, and peeped in. Horrors! Some one was there, and looking right at her. What Mrs. Johns

saw was certainly unexpected and disconcerting. It was big Jack Johns, lying stretched on the best sofa, his head bolstered with the best sofa pillows, and puffing clouds of smoke from a pipe about her lovely drawing room. What she said was, "Why, Jack!" and Jack said, "You, Florry! Have you come back to hubby to be a good girl?"

Mrs. Johns' reply was tears for a few seconds. Then she said: "Oh, Jack, I thought I could come back; but I see I cannot, because you do not love me or you would never have smoked in my drawing room, put your feet on the sofa, and your head on the best sofa pillows in the house." Johns, now sitting up, laughed, drew his wife down beside him on the sofa and replied:

"Why, darling, it would be as wise for me to say that you do not love me or you would not mention such things as sofa cushions and sofas in the same breath with love. What does anything matter, dear, if two people love each other? If you love me, it is because I am myself, as I love you because you are your own dear self. I love you, faults and all, and you must love me faults and all, too. The way for us to be happy is for each to allow the other nearly as much liberty as though we were single. Love cannot stand continuous worry about small things. You know very well that I would not have desecrated your drawing room had you been here; but you being gone from me, drawing room, cushions or sofa had no value to me, other than the comfort they could afford me. Come now, is it a new start?"

"Oh, Jack, you do not understand," said Mrs. Johns. "But I do understand," replied Johns. "I understand very plainly, indeed, that we could never be happy in the way we were going. I could not be happy in one continued round of obeying orders, so like a private in a regiment of soldiers; and you could not be happy with a man you had to worry over and fuss about all the time as if he were a child. In that way we would worry each other out of all comfort in life, as I see many couples foolishly do. Let us be different from other couples."

Mrs. Johns was thinking: "Where have you been, Jack, the last eight nights?" she asked.

"Why, I do not remember, dear, exactly;" answered Johns, "to the club mostly, and down town and around."

"There, I knew it," cried Mrs. Johns, "I knew you had been around, and you know how I hate men who go around."

"But don't be hasty, dear," said Johns. "Where have you been? Have you not been around during the past eight days?"

"Yes, I have, Jack, but you know a woman's around, and a man's around, are not alike," sobbed Mrs. Johns.

"No; no more than their clothes are alike, thank heaven," said Johns.

"And where is the maid?" asked Mrs. Johns.

"Fired," replied Johns.

"Discharged!" exclaimed Mrs. Johns. "Oh, Jack, you are dreadful. Where will I get another? You are turning out so different to what you used to be; so different to what I expected. I don't believe I love you any more."

"Try a little," said Johns, kissing her without her offering much resistance. "Try," kisses, "try again," more kisses. Oh, it was disgusting the way she gave in.

"You are different too, dear;" continued Johns, "so different from the pliable, unsophisticated young thing of twenty I courted. At twenty-three you are quite old and domineering, and it does not become you a bit to become domineering. It makes lines on your face to be domineering. Will we go down to the cafe for dinner?"

"I don't know, John." "Well, I know," said Johns. "Go and get your things on and we will take dinner at the Place Viger, anyway, without conditions; perhaps people have begun to talk already about your being away."

"Jack," 'said Mrs. Johns, with arms about his neck, "you are a horrid, practical beast, and I love you. I'll be back in a minute," and she ran upstairs to dress for dinner at the Place Viger. She was a dear woman, and Johns knew it.

Twenty years have passed since that dinner at the Place Viger, and Mrs. Johns has now assorted little Johns; six, from 2 feet high to 5 feet 6; and all Johns' friends swear she is the best fellow in the world, and all her own friends say she is a charming hostess, a good wife, a fond mother, a sweet woman, or a true friend, according to the degree of intimacy they enjoy. Fact is, she is all of these things.

L'ENVOI

If I should die to-night,
And in the course of time arrive in hell,
I would not feel discomfort or be nervous,
After ten years' experience in the Civil Service,
If the devil himself should undertake,
For my reward my few grey hairs to comb
With a red hot, sharp, electric rake, I'd say
"Why, this is just like home."

THE CRUISE OF THE "PORKYPINE"

Being as I wuz gettin'
To be in the seer and yeller,
I didn't expec to sail no more
But to stay at 'ome an' meller;
When my ole Capting Mark
He bellers over the phone:
"Wot, ho! Mate, bizzy with yer kit,
We sails fer parts unknown.
I've shipped me crew,
An' a goodish slew,
Of the best prog I ken afford.
We sails termorrer at seven bells,
Screw yer nut and git aboard."
So this is 'ow I comes to sail
As Mate of the Porkypine.
I gets aboard and we pulls out
At a quarter to arf past nine.
When I comes to look over the crew,
Fer the Capting leaves all to me,
I finds as tough a lot o' swabs
As ever put to sea.
The cook were a ginger-colored duck,
Hailin' frum Bosting taown,
He sartinly cud cook a bit
An' he cud swar me down.
He wuz tall an' lanky an' thin,
With a mouth like a gash in a pie,
At cookin' an' swarin' he were good,
Wot else ye cud stick in yer eye.
Then there were the dorg,
Which Wiggles were her name;
She were shipped as Mascot
An' acted well as that same.
Then fer a general utility 'and,
We 'ad the Scientific
To swob the decks and dishes,
Which 'is duties was not specific.
When all wuz cleared away,
An' everything was snug
He amuses hisself with a bottle
O' dope, a-pottin' fly and bug.
I've hearn tell of a bug house
But never seen one afore,
An' I'll be swat in the neck if it ain't

The rummiest game off shore.
Then there were Sid, a bit of a kid,
Who signs as a Ginger Beer
To run the machine, save gasolene,
An' we let the skipper steer.
These and me and the skipper was the crew,
Of the good ship Porkypine,
And Lord wot a time I 'ad
A makin' 'em tow the line.
Well, we sails away on
A werry fine day, I think it were in June,
The Porkypine makin' her eight mile,
So we gets there pretty soon.
Up, up we goes the Rideau Canal,
Not carin' fer wind nor weather,
An' at each of the locks, cook hits the ice box,
And we 'as our grog together.
We 'adn't pawsed mor'n forty lock
Before the sun wuz settin',
An' the Capting 'owls "down anchor,
Fer 'ere we'll fish be gettin' ".
So we outs with our rods and drops our lines,
While cook in the galley cuts loose,
But blow me tight if ever a bite
Worth a squirt o' terbacker juice.
Then we goes below an' does the eats,
At which game that Sid is a prize,
He stows more in his hold than any soul
I ever seen twice his size.
He eats an' eats an', tear me sheets,
If he ever turns a hair,
An' washes all down with a quart o' tea
Till I thot he'd bust in 'is chair.
Then the Scientific he cleans up,
An' the yarns begin to spin,
An' we puffs our pipe an' sips our grog
Till it's time fer to turn in.
An' so we goes along all fair,
Fer three whole nights an' days,
Fishin', drinkin' an' eatin',
And a-soakin' of our clays.
Then the 'orrible thing 'appens
That ends our 'opes to roam,
Blow me blarsted mizzen lights,
We all 'ad to come 'ome.

THE MATE.

AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

ENTITLED "THE TIME SERVERS"

As the curtain rises a large and motley crew of nondescript humanity is discovered, of all shapes, sizes, and complexions, no two being alike, except in the special feature that all wear a halter about the neck. All howl to Calliope obligato:

At us please take a look,
You'll find us on the List
In the Auditor's Blue Book,
Where none of us are missed;
We scribble and figure and write
From morning until night;
We're in a sorry plight,
And oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!!!

Cages are arranged R. and L. and up stage. The chorus disappears into these as Deputy enters. Deputy comes well down stage throws out his chest and sings:

I now declare
There's nothing to compare
With my style and air,
When I'm in my chair:
And I further declare, without fear of opposition,
That no man alive can fill my position.

Chiefs, 1st, 2nd and 3rd class clerks. Class A and B, with sub-divisions, messengers, and packers crowd out of the cages and come down and sing similarly:

Deputy in high falsetto:

You see, you see,
They all agree
With the opinion I express
Regarding me.

Chorus replies, forte:

You're all at sea,
You're all at sea,
The fellows we sing about
Is we.

Enter the Minister, gazing heavenward. Deputy dives into a hole, and pulls hole in after him. Chorus proceeds to look like thirty cents. Minister sings:

It's curious to contemplate
The ways of different men
Who by the force of Character
Do climb on top, or when

By scheme or lucky circumstance
Their little selves they find
Perched on high public prominence,
Far above common kind.
One does a funny dance,
Or some weird trick fantastic,
Oblivious to the smiles and tears
He causes by his antic.
Another swells his chest
And apes a thoughtful front,
And fondly hopes the world looks on
To see him do his stunt.
A third would lead society,
And in cultured circles shine,
And thinks the fact accomplished when
Instead of "eating" he must "dine."

Enter the Civil Service Commissioners. The Minister takes a back seat. Commissioners sing duo (Chorus stand at attention):

Did it ever strike you
That if you knew
The reason for the other fellow's
Point of view,
You'd have some information
Fresh and new?
So when you disagree
With any he,
Just take a look about and try and see
If what he thinks
Can really be.

Chorus sings doxology in parts. Curtain.

The whole universe is a contest between what we call Life and Death, that is, motion and rest. Every THING will eventually come to rest and other things be evolved. Given eternity and it is easily conceivable that a world will die and be resolved into its elements, what then is so objectionable in the thought of a FINAL death to the individual whose life is but a flash as compared with all time? You cannot logically think the persistence of personality.

THE IDIOT WHO THOUGHT

A PRESENT DAY TRAGEDY

BY VON LUDWIG

Once upon a time there was an idiot who had a few brains and in an unlucky moment he started to think, which is a very idiotic thing to do, as every one knows. The way to live peacefully is not to think, but just to grab everything that you want that is grabable, eat well, sleep well, work a little, but do not, on any account, think. It is bad; it is conducive to thoughts; and thoughts worry; and worry is indigestion; and indigestion is bad humour; and then peace is gone. Peace is the only thing that is worth anything and you cannot have it if you have thoughts.

Now this idiot was, of course, married,—a great many idiots are. His wife was a very wise lady idiot: she was undoubtedly nice because all the idiots she was idiot enough to entertain said she was a charming hostess. Well, the idiot and his wife retired to rest one night as usual; the wife to read the latest novel and the idiot to stare at the wall paper until sleep overcame him. As he stared at the wall paper he wondered at its ugliness, and he wondered why people who design wall papers make wondrous geometrical vines bearing fretwork tarts and lobster claws which worry one's sight, instead of soothing, real things. And these musings led to other musings and he closed his eyes and looked inwardly for a minute and was horrified to discover that he himself was very much after the style of the wall paper design;—in that he was distorted by conventionality. And here he started to think hard, and the more he thought the more he was horrified. Finally, he sat up in bed and said suddenly to his wife:

"Do you know, Spot," (her pet name was Spot), "I have been thinking—"

"Don't be silly, dear," responded Spot. "Go to sleep, if you don't take care you will have ideas."

But the idiot was not to be put off that way this time; the warning was too late, he had commenced to have ideas and very unpleasant ideas, too. One horrible idea that had forced its unpleasant presence into his brain was that his whole system of life had been and was wrong. He thought of his marriage,—how he had married the girl of his choice on $750 a year, and spent $300 on his wedding trip. That was a wrong to the girl and to himself, for when they got back they had to finish furnishing on the instalment plan. He thought how he had lived now at the rate of $2,500 a year on a salary of $1,500; he thought of his cigars, of his good clothes, of his children going to a good school; he thought of his $700 piano on the instalment plan, of his wife's

afternoon teas, of his two servants, of his rent $360 a year, of his debts, how they grew; and the more he thought the more he concluded that these things were all wrong, because he could not afford them. He thought of his salary—$4.10 per day—and wondered how he had ever expected to manage to keep four children, himself and wife and two servants on it. Then he thought of his notes floating about and how he had to juggle them every month and rob Peter to pay Paul. And it looked wrong.

Of course he was only an idiot to let these things worry him. But he explained all his thoughts to his wife, and the poor woman began to think and have ideas, too. It was a cruel blow to her,—she had never had an idea in her life, but had lived at peace, and now peace was gone. She agreed with her idiot husband that it was all wrong, and like a good, brave, dutiful and thoughtful woman agreed to help him to right it all as far as possible or further.

So these two poor idiots began to right things. They cancelled the lease of their house, took the children from the private school and sent them to a 50-cent-a-month school, the idiot stopped smoking cigars and took to a clay pipe and *tabac catholique*, they moved into six rooms at $12 per month, sold most of their furniture, gave up the instalment piano, never kept a drop of anything in the house, and never received any friends.

Rumour then said the idiot had got squeezed in stocks, and the rumour got to his employer's ears. The fact of the terrible reduction in the expenses of the idiot seemed to substantiate the rumour, and so he was discharged.

Debts that would have waited indefinitely during the idiot's apparent prosperity now began to press him, suits in law piled up costs against him, and he walked the streets without employment, and thought on and on and on. His friends said he had lost his position because he had used money that did not belong to him; his enemies said he was a thief.

His wife became prematurely old, slovenly and hopeless; the children ragged and tough; the idiot himself struck odd jobs now and again, but being unable any longer to hold up his head over a clean collar and shirt, on account of his thoughts, he never recovered his lost faith in himself. He drove a grocery wagon for two years at $9.50 per week and then died,—his wife said of a broken heart. The wife soon followed the idiot, and now his children are stablemen, cooks, waitresses and things like that.

Moral:—Don't be an idiot and think, just saw wood and keep up with the procession.

The Game is worth while to the wise, the fool alone crieth out that it is not worth the candle.

THE BALLAD OF PARLIAMENT HILL

He did not wear a uniform,
(We have'nt come to that) .
But he wore a tired expression,
Crowned by last season's hat;
And the general air of him bespoke
Existence dull and flat.

He walked among men of his kind
In a suit of shabby grey,
And with that hat upon his head,
One couldn't call him gay;
For I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
So sadly at the Hill,
Upon that little mount we call
The "Bread and Butter Mill";
Where sham genteel and broken sport
Swallow the bitter pill.

Ink stains were on his fingers,
A desk hump on his back;
He seemed to be quite mastered,
And all ambition lack.
And one could see at once he was
A Departmental Hack.

I looked at him and wondered
"What mystery here lurks?
"Why does he look so tired,
"And move with nervous jerks?"
When a voice behind me murmured low,
"He's in the Public Works."

Great Cæsar's Ghost and Holy Smoke,
What tricks had he done then,
To bring him unto such a pass,
And land him in that Pen;
Where Regulation and Routine
Suck the soul out of men.

What blow had blind fate struck him,
  What had his fortune been?
To fashion him into a cog
  Of the State's grim machine
Which grinds and grinds exceeding small,
  But not so very clean.

It's fine to walk with Hope ahead,
  It's great to work for Love;
But Hell to turn a daily crank
  For some one up above,
And know that every turn you make
  Gives some one else a shove.

It's good to be methodical,
  And right to be exact;
But flat, stale and unprofitable,
  To line up to an Act,
And forced at every turn and move
  To register the fact.

And so I left the Shabby Clerk
  His tiresome row to hoe,
To sign the book when, he went in,
  And when he out would go;
Making himself a laughing stock
  To some— who do not know.

Much wisdom often giveth much pain, but want of wisdom is death. To know thyself is the foundation of wisdom.

It has been said by those of old time, "Blessed are the meek," but verily I say unto you, cussed are the meek, for they inherit nothing and perpetuate their kind for ever and ever.

The more thou art to thyself the less thou art dependent on others. Much dependence on others maketh thy moves complicated. One move involves another so no move may be considered in itself.

THE OLE SHIP

A good ole ship was Serviss,
An' she bore a good ole crew,
Who certainly knew their business,
An' were sailors through an' through.
A' course it may be said
That some went on the spree,
An' some waz rather toughish,
But sech will always be
On sech a ship as Serviss,
Which took a power o' hands
To manage her ole cranky ways
An' take her chief's commands.
Course Serviss wer'n't no man o' war;
But just a good ole tub,
Slow, and comfortable, an' sure;
A ship as you could dub
A utilitarian craft;
Not puttin' on much style,
Good fer what intended,
Carryin' things mercantile.
We had good average times, we had,
With pay the whole year round;
Orficers not too crusty
An' in grub an' grog well found;
An' we'd a been so 'til this day
If we'd had enough sense
To know when we waz well off,
But we waz somewhat dense.
An' bites like a lot of suckers
At a scheme of some smart guys
To petition our ole capting
To start an' reorganize—
To give us uniforms to wear
An' drill us like marines,
An' polish us an' make us smart
Like a lot o' bally machines.
An' our ole capting he agrees
That we needs reorganization,
An' I bets he smiles to hisself
As he sets in contemplation.
The fust thing ole capting orders
Is a general inspection,
An' he stops our grog an' pay
Fer the most ornary deflection.

An' when he gets through with us,
I tell ye, s'elp me bob,
There waz forty-seven sailor men
A lookin' fer a job;
An' the rest of us was busy
A polishin' Serviss up,
An' never gettin' a bit o' rest
Except to sleep an' sup.
An' a slob what objected,
Or attempted to resist,
He got a good rope's ending
An' had irons on his wrist.
So don't go fer to ask o' me
What I thinks o' reorganization;
Cause I've been through the game
An' know it beats tarnation.

REGRET 1909

Now that the Summer time has came, and Winter dark has went,
We'll stay indoors from nine to five, do penance and repent,
That we so rashly took the veil and swore to serve the King,
When we could have broken stones or done some other easy thing:
We could have braved the briny, strange countries to explore,
Or Christianized the Heathen without suffering any more
Than we do here in our strict cage, pent up by rule and rote,
To eat the bread of routine, like any ass or goat.
What tho' we truly strug and strive, to promptly do the task we're given,
We have to sign the book at five, so might as well have never striven.

The Wise cultivate the power of adaptation, the fool standeth against circumstances and is carried away.

A TALE OF RUSSIA

Sloberino Pullovitch sat in his sumptuous office. He sat, because he had been out the night before and did not know yet how it had ended. Every time he moved, four secretaries jumped to listen to his commands. Every time he snored, the four secretaries rang bells, and seven messengers burst into the room, lined up and bowed, awaiting orders. Outside of these doings, all was quiet for several hours. Then Pullovitch spoke. He said, "Hoot mon." It will be noticed that Pullovitch spoke with a Scotch accent; but he was not Scotch. He was a pure Russian; but his mother had been frightened by a Scotch Terrier before he was born—so Pullovitch was born with a Scotch plaid pattern on the soles of his feet, and spoke Scotch when he was half-cocked. It ought to be explained that Sloberino Pullovitch enjoyed a very lucrative position in the Russian government, and was big Indian, high up in political circles.

Pullovitch finally recovered consciousness about four p.m., and immediately there were doings. There were always doings when he recovered from a jag. "Send for Spitoonski," he roared, and immediately the four secretaries and seven messengers got out of harm's way.

Spitoonski was the chief cook and bottle washer of Pullovitch. He did for Pullovitch what Pullovitch did not care to do for himself. He told the Pullovitch lies and did the squirming about, and what is known in Russian Political Circles as "the dirty."

It can be easily imagined that Spitoonski was not liked, but feared; and that every poor government clerk trembled when he came within the visual orbit of his little black pig-like eyes. He was of low origin, and had sunk lower. He would do anything for money but work, and was the willing tool of Pullovitch. He never smiled. He believed it was not dignified to smile. He made every effort he could to appear dignified, which was difficult, considering he was only the height of six pennyworth of copper, had a crooked neck and one shoulder higher than the other. Occasionally Spitoonski would allow his face to wrinkle up in a beautiful snarl. When he did this, he thought he was smiling, and checked it immediately, which was a very welcome relief to the on-looker; for it was very unsightly.

Immediately upon being notified, Spitoonski crawled into the presence of his Chief, smiling. "Cover up your teeth and listen to me, viper," said Pullovitch.

Spitoonski bowed, and accepted the compliment.

"Among the rubbish we have employed under us," continued Pullovitch, "we have one Slopft, who never does anything but

chatter to himself, eat, and sleep. He will soon be fit for a padded room; but before he gets any more crazy, do thou prepare a solemn ukase and have him made Chief Investigator of Pot Holes at steen pieces of silver per month. His brother keeps a swell gambling house, and has much influence; so we must do something."

Spitoonski listened patiently, and then ventured to protest: "Your highness," said he, "if you will allow me to humbly make a remark, I would say that if this thing is done your noble person will be besieged by every Tom, Dick and Harry in your beautiful and well ordered department. They will make you feel like a singed horse in Fly Time. You know them."

"Shut up and do my bidding. I did not ask for advice. Get out, skiddaddle, vamose, scoot, mizzle, fly, or I'll straighten your crooked neck," said Pullovitch, frothing at the mouth. And Spitoonski thanked him kindly, and withdrew.

The morning following the *Daily Dung Heap* made the whole community wise to the fact that the eminent citizen, Mr. P. Q. R. S. Slopft, had been made Chief Investigator of Pot Holes.

Immediately there were doings in the Pullovitch Department. Every one employed therein, from the Deputy down to the Window Cleaner, prepared to pull such wires as they commanded to the end of having immediate increase or promotion, or both; and for seven days and seven nights the excitement was intense. Letters, telegrams and petitions rained like hail upon Pullovitch; but as Pullovitch had his personality submerged in strong drink, the strain was only on the paper basket. Among the importunates was one De Bum, a cunning rascal who had aided and abetted a certain Buttinsky in an election, and he spake with the said Buttinsky, saying:

"Go thou, Buttinsky, and fill Pullovitch up to the neck, and when he is right have me installed as a First Class Clerk. And do it quick, see?"

And Buttinsky was afraid lest De Bum should open his mouth; so he loaded Pullovitch as he was bid, and De Bum became in name and Salary, a First Class Clerk.

Now, these things being done, other happenings followed as a matter of natural consequence. The respectable ones in the Department of Pullovitch, who were not many by this time, murmured among themselves, and said: "If we remain in the service of Pullovitch we will lose our good name, and be classed with such as Slopft and De Bum. Let us, therefore, resign before it is too late."

So every one who had any respect for himself resigned, and left the Department of Pullovitch, and it became absolutely corrupt.

Then other Departments became as that of Pullovitch, till corruption crept even to the Throne. And the enemies of Russia,

who saw these things, waited and waited till she was rotten at the heart. Then they rose up and slew her.

Corruption creeps in softly and easily; but is only eradicated through much bloodshed and strife.

IF AND BUT

If a man only knew all there was to know
Of a fox and his cunning ways;
If he knew all the turns of his cunning brain
And could beat all the tricks he plays.
If he had all the brutal force of an ox,
And the tireless strength of the moose;
If he could look as meek as a lamb,
And as silly as any goose.
If his eyes were as keen as an eagle's,
And he could look as sage as an owl;
If he were as fierce as a lion,
And could terrify with his growl;
If he was as stubborn as a pig,
And as patient as a mule;
If he was as ruthless as a tiger cat,
And had the assurance of a fool;
If he were quick in danger, slow in wrath,
And as coy as a country maid—
Why, then I really do believe
He could make a success in TRADE.
BUT, as I'm not any or all these things,
And have no great love of pelf,
I sit here tight in my Government job
Quite satisfied with myself;
Happy if I can finance my way
From one fifteenth to another,
And scribble my rhyme any old time
And ambition's promptings smother.

LUCKY JIM

He hasn't got no sweetheart or no wife,
Or anything like that, to bother life.
He don't keep no house, nor entertain,
Nor waste his time in other pleasures vain.
And so I sing
This little thing:
"Oh, Lucky Jim,
How I envy him!"

His business is to see that others do the work,
And you can bet when he's about no one dares to shirk;
But Jim he takes things soft, and doesn't give a damn;
He lives in beautiful and undisturbed calm.
And so I sing
This little thing:
"Oh, Lucky Jim,
How I envy him!"

His office is quite cozy, and very cheap in rent;
But Jim doesn't stay there to any great extent.
He'll wander in with dignity about the hour of noon,
Looks about, takes lunch, and wanders out quite soon.
And so I sing
This little thing:
"Oh, Lucky Jim,
How I envy him!"

For all this work Jim gets several thousand dollars,
And the Lord only knows how much more he collars.
They say that Jim is slow but sure, and I'm free to declare
That's Jim's as slow, but not so sure, as any polar bear.
And so I sing
This little thing:
"Oh, Lucky Jim,
How I envy him!"

Why girls don't up and marry Jim I really can't make out;
For he's the easiest mark in town, without any doubt.
But Jim is wary of the sex that makes us toe the line;
He's not a bit domestic, and for love he doesn't pine.
And so I sing
This little thing:
"Oh, Lucky Jim,
How I envy him!"

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE

Sing a Song of Service,
The Civil one, I mean,
Men and women working
In the government machine.
If you think it's easy,
Come and have a try;
But I for one may tell you
That it really isn't pie.

When the House is open,
And members start to spout,
The Service starts a-digging facts
To help the members out.
With musty books and papers,
We struggle all the day,
Making figures fit the facts,
Or around the other way.

The Party saves the country,
The Churches save the soul,
The Service saves the Minister
From getting in the hole;
Each one saving something
In their litle way,
And for all this saving
The Country has to PAY.

And to him that taketh away thy goods, see that thou getteth his note—if he hath a good endorser.

Energy is thy ammunition; waste it not in folly; store it in thyself until thou findest a fit object on which to exert it. The Game is not like a horse-race wherein judges declare the weight a racer shall carry.

A DELUSION

If you're sick and tired of life
And the wear of business strife,
And decide to take the veil,
To a Minister you tell,
Whom you know very well,
Your long and sad, sad tale.
When he grabs you by the hand
And says in manner bland:
"You can certainly count on me
When we have a vacancee,
As sure as sure can be;
You'll get the tip
On the strict Q.T."
If to yourself you say,
As you go your hopeful way:
"I certainly get a Government job
At a decent salaree."
What a singularly deluded jay
You certainly will be.

If you're up to all the tricks
Of the game of politics,
And know a few M.P.'s;
You would naturally think
That as easy as a wink
You'd get nearly what you please;
But you'd be singularly lacking
In the necessary backing
If this was all you had,
And you looked for an appointment
You would suffer disappointment
In a manner very sad.
You see it's just this way:
You can say just what you may,
But Political Pull is a very funny thing.
It's as strange as strange can be.
If you're doubtful of the fact,
Just go against the Act
To get a Civil Service sit and see.

Conventionality counteth not high in the game, but it counteth.

TO MADGE

THE SOCIAL NOTES SAY MADGE WILL MARRY

Grind the organ, toot the flute;
Push the trombone in an' oot;
Tickle the strings of your mandolin;
Howl yer joy an' crack the grin;
Salute the Stars, the Sun, an' Moon—
Our own Madge will marry soon.

Clang the cymbals, twang the harp;
Blow the bazoo loud and sharp;
Finger the strings of the wailing cello;
Make welkin ring with joyous bellow;
Ring out wild bells your merry tune—
Our own Madge will marry soon.

Pipe the playful flageolet;
Blast the ear with the gay cornet;
Blow the tuba, strike the lyre;
Light the heavens with red fire;
Make merry with the big bassoon—
Our own Madge will marry soon.

Scrape the gut of the violin;
Loud Hosannah's sing with vim;
Beat the merry Zilophone;
Keep records on the gramophone;
Shake the foot in the Rigadoon—
Our own Madge will marry soon.

The possession of wealth only makes some people look ridiculous who otherwise would occasion no comment.

Every man hath a burden with which he hath laden himself. See that thou knowest thy strength before thou take on thy burden.

"Phat shud we do wid thim if they sthart their tantrums here?" sez he.

"Who is thim?" sez oi, widout lookin' up to see who waz addressin' me.

"The Suff-Rage-Etts," sez he.

"Oh, it's yerself," sez oi, turnin' an' foindin' the dear ould lad besoide me.

"Yiss, 'tis me," sez Silver Tongue, a smoile breakin' over his gran' ould face.

"Tell me, phat will we be afther doin' wid thim Suff-Rage-Etts whin they brake out here?" asks he.

"Oi know phat we won't do," sez oi.

"Phat's that?" sez the preemeer. Oi niver call him "Sir"; 'tis a disfigurement entoirely.

"Phat's that," sez he agin, "that we won't do?" sez he.

"We won't do phat we shud do," sez oi. "Punish thim," sez oi.

"Whoy man, punishin' thim is no use at all, at all. They loike it. Shure didn't they punish thim in London?"

"They did not," sez oi.

"Man, man," sez he; "ye anney me. Didn't they put thim in jail?"

"They did," sez oi; "but that's no punishment."

"Well, phat do ye call punishment?" sez the ould King, wid an expectant grin.

"Infantile methods," sez oi. "Phat they do to bad childer."

"An' plaze ye, phat's that?" sez he.

"Spank thim," sez oi; "savin' yer prisince. Wan spank fer the furst offinse; foive fer the sicond, an' twinty-foive fer the third."

Well, begorrah, ye shud hev seen the ould lad laff. He thrun up his hans an' his oyes to hiven, an' laffed till he was weepin'.

"Glory be," sez he; "but ye are a joker. Bad scran to ye, if we perpetrated such an' outrage the whole wirld wud laff at us."

"Not a whit," sez oi. "The wirld wud laff, true fer ye, but not at ye; at the Suff-Rage-Etts; an' they niver cud stan' bein' laffed at."

"Suppose now," sez oi; "yer departmint of the interior afther makin' a bit av a rumble, as it do sometimes, shud desoid that the noise it med waz just as nice a noise as phat ye made wid yer vocal chords; an' accordin' it wint on stroike an' rayfused to do its offis, declarin' it waz a musical box—what wud become av ye whin ye culdent hear yerself spake fer yer loud internal rum-

blin', an' no digistin' goin' on the whoile? Shure ye'd be dead in a week, an' ye'd take strong medicine to korrec yer rumblin' and prideful innards."

"Well, 'tis spankin' is the medicin I perscroibe fer the disease of the Suff-Rage-Ett; an' they must git it befure they get healthy agin. Oi moind me frind Casey, who wint wan toime to a Dochther about his woife, who cut up the very Divil wid phat she called High Stroikes. Wan Sundah she clawed the shirt buzzum roight off him, so he culdent go to mass. Well, oim tellin' ye wan day Casey consults a dochther. The dochther was a woize guy. He looked Lizzie over. That waz her name, an' she waz a great, good looker, an' only about twinty years ould. An' he sez to Casey, sez he, whin he got him alone:

"Ile give ye a perscripthion fer her," sez he.

"Yiss," sez Casey.

"Yiss," sez the dochther, " 'tis very simple."

"Yiss," sez Casey; all attention.

"Yiss," sez the dochther, "give her a wet towel," sez he.

"How's that?" sez Casey. "A wet towel?"

"Yes; bate her wid it till she's a noice pink," sez he.

"Howley murdher," sez Casey, "yer laffin' at me."

"Oi am not," sez the dochther. "Troy it," sez he.

"Well, how much is that?" sez Casey.

"Foive dallars," sez the dochther.

Casey jumped a yard.

"Now, look here," sez he; "a joke's a joke; but a wet towel perscription fer that money is no joke. Tell ye phat oi'll do wid ye. Ile troy it, an' if it does the thrick an' cures her, ile come an' pay ye, an' Lizzie will do yer laundry fer a month to boot," sez oi.

"Done," sez the dochther.

That dochther got paid.

"An' that's phat oi think av thim Suff-Rage-Etts," sez oi, turnin' to enjoy the ould lad's smoile. As oi looked, he faded away into the atmosphere, an oi knew another plisant drame waz over.

It may be that thou hast few moves to make and it may happen that thou hast many, whether few or many let thy moves be made with due deliberation and after careful consideration of the rules of Duty and Honor.

LE TRAVEAU PUBLIQUES

I'm work on de Traveau Publique,
I mek tirty dollar a weeque;
  Dat's much better salaire,
  I can get anywhere,
Altho' I'm good man wid de pique.

My name's Athanase Brouillette,
I'm in de Blue Book, you bet;
  Where I'm call Architec
  Dat's good name, I expec,
Altho' I doant built something yet.

When I came on Ottawa,
I'm de most poor you never saw;
  Now I live like de best,
  Look pretty good when I'm drest,
And pass on Sparks street wid eclat.

It is to laugh to know de way
I get my job an' ver nice pay,
  I tell you de facs,
  An' behine my backs
Don't go an' give it away.

Laflamme's have ma job before me,
But he's go on de very much spree;
  When she's drink herself dead,
  I arrive in he's stead,
In de maniere which you shall see—

Mrs. Laflamme doan't like any
To be veuve widout one red penny,
So she make bargain wid me
  Dat I make marry wid she,
An' get de job of Laflamme, you comprenez?

I like dis bargain very well,
But when I go myself for sell
  I doant make foolishness,
  Just for politesse,
So I say, "Wait a minute, ma belle;

De ver first ting you mus' do,
Before we make marry we two,
  Work de pull, put me in
  An' I swear by Gin Flinn,
Madam Brouillette, I make you."

So now I am very tack-tick,
I work on de Traveau Publique;
  An' feue Madam Laflamme,
  She makes de grande damme,
On de tirty dollar a weeque.

CIVILIZATION

There was a certain Heathen who knew not how benighted he was.

He knew naught of Honesty, of Virtue, of Charity, nor knew he of Modern Civilization and the benefits thereof.

And the Heathen was contented in his ignorance. He was satisfied with Enough and of the Standard Oil Company and its methods he wot not—at least, if he wotted, it is not so reported of him.

Now unto this Heathen came a Modern Missionary, girt with Sword, with Commercialism and Militarism in his coat pockets, with a Colt's revolver on his hip, and a bottle of Champagny Water in his grip, and he lifted up his voice and spake unto the Heathen, saying:

"Harken, Behold, likewise lo, poor benighted Heathen. You are a Good Thing, and you know it not; but I even I, the forerunner and jumper of Peace and Goodwill, know it. I come to do you good. You need a whole lot of saving and as the Prophet of Civilization, I come to do the job. I bring you Peace, Virtue, and Honesty, and a lot of other things that are handy to have in the house. Your Gods I will take away from you. They will make nice bric-a-brac." And immediately, that is to say, as soon as the Heathen wasn't looking, he smote him a great smote with the sword, so that he died at Peace, took his wife to do chores about the house and annexed his property.

Blessed are the meek.

I PLAY THE GAME

I'm playing a game I never can win,
  That I surely must lose in the end;
And yet, it's so mysterious and queer,
  That I'm glad my strength to expend
In struggle, and strife, and scheme,
  To move me and mine in the game;
Knowing well that with moves good or bad
  The end will be always the same.
I know I must lose; but I play
  Just the same as tho' I might win,
And laugh, and make merry over good plays,
  And over the bad ones I grin.
My opponent surrounds me about,
  A dumb and inscrutable IT;
Without joy or pain at my losses or gain,
  Making exact counter moves that all fit.
Without a mistake or a doubt
  Are all the replies to my play;
Mine enemy can't win or lose;
  But in the end I must pay.
The best I can get in the end
  Is that friends, if they mention my name,
Will say: "Although he cashed in,
  He made a good try at the Game."
And so I play the game of Life
  According to my power and light,
And when old Nature calls the game
  I shall at least have made a fight.

And if one shall smite thee on one cheek, consider him well, and if he be not too husky, smite him with a great swat, lest he go after thy other cheek also. And if one shall take thy cloak watch well thy vest and pants, lest thou be stripped naked and be arrested for indecent behaviour.

CULTURE AND "ETIKET"

Wan thing oim after noticin' lately is a great tindency on the part of some folks who pertend to what they call culchure, to throw into their conversation the worrd "gotten"—an ungainly worrd that has been out of date since the time when yer grandfather swore "odsbodkins" an' the like, until some fad hunter dug it up. Oi mind a friend of mine sint a note to his wife sayin' "I have gotten tickets fer Melba to-night." He wasn't a very good writer, an' his wife thought he meant he had got *ten* tickets, and begob she invited the whole neighborhood and it nearly broke him makin' good.

Now culchure is a quare thing; an uncommon thing; a thing that's hard to define and harder to get. 'Tis not in usin' this worrd "gotten" or any other perticular worrd; 'tis not in usin' the long "a" in "bath" or pronouncin' "calf" as if it was "koff"; nor is it in callin' a counter jumper or a lad in the Civil Service a "clark" instid of a "clerk." Not a whit. All these things may be signs of culchure, an' they may not—mostly not. They are a lot of people who niver had nawthin' but a rude eddication, (that's whoy it's called a "rudimentary eddication"), an' never larned anything since they wint to school; but who, be hook or be crook, (mostly crook), an' a few dollars, or inflooence, or by marryin' into dollars and inflooence, have gotten onto the skirts of what they call sassiety; an' begob these people I'm tellin' ye about they think that culchure is in the usin' of perticular worrds or in perticular pernounce-i-ation. It niver enters their nuts that culchure is shown by the thots ye express an' the depth of knowledge ye show of men an' things, an' not by little peculiarities of pronounce-i-ation which a man may inherit from his grandfather, or have caughten from a locality in his youth—de ye follow me?

Now "etiket" is the usages of culchured sassiety, an' it's fer that same etiket that I've been stearin' all the while. Etiket an' culchure is not the same thing among different people. 'Tis wan thing in wan place, an' another in another place. Fer example, a gintleman in the Figi Islands wud think it no disgrace to ate his grandmother. 'Tis looked at different here, altho' ye can skin yer brother-in-law, or never return borried money to yer father-in-law.

Now, I gev ye all this harrd earned wisdom that I cud worrk down to me frind Dundonald an' his riferince to "Etiket."—De ye ketch me pint? Me Earl lad is no judge of Etiket in Canada; he's only a soldier anny way, an' a soldier is no more a judge of etiket than a butcher is of plumbin', or an Englishman is of a Canadian. Etiket, is it? Why, begob, I cud intrajuice the Dun-

donald into sassiety in Ottawa where he wud fall seven times over etiket before he opened his mouth wanst.

Etiket changes wid locality, as I told ye. The Earl only knowin' wan kind, put his fut in it an' showed his ignorance. Sure the most of us is por, wan-sided creatures. We look a fact in the face, an' think we know all about it, never dreamin' that it shud be turned over an' examined on the back of it, not to mintchin' the several sides of it.

LES GRANULES LEMOINE

Josephine Laframbois—dat's fren of ma wife,
She's come very near fer lose its life;
She have what you call sick on de peritoine,
But she cure itself up wid Granule Lemoine.

Dat's very strange ting dat de doctor feller,
When she's see Josephine, he cannot for tell her
What he have on herself, but mabbe I tink,
Dese doctor feller don't know everyting.

Josephine's very sick—tink she's goin' fer die,
When she read on de paper someting what catch his eye,
Of de Granule Lemoine, de great temoinage,
Of de woman what's cure call Marie Angel Lesage.

Ole Mrs. Lesage, she have pains on its chest,
She can walk any upstairs if she try its best;
But, after she's tooken Granules Lemoine in some boxes,
It makes him new woman, strong like some oxes.

So, my frens, if you have someting wrong
On de inside yourself, don't wait long—
Take little cars go chez Mr. Giroux,
Get de Granule Lemoine, an' I bet dey fix you.

BUSYBODIES

Busybodies are mostly of the female persuasion, wid an' occasional parson of the milk and water type thrown in. They're to be found ivery place, except at home mindin' their own business. They're always doin' something that don't need to be done, an' lavin' alone their own affairs, which generally need attendin' to. They're the folks referred to in the prayer book as "poor miserable sinners." They're always goin' off half-cocked about somethin' they don't know anything about. I'll warrant ye there's not wan of them who are tryin' to pass the law to electrocute ye if ye smoke cigarettes what ever had a whiff of a cigarette. Poor blind creatures; they can't see. I don't use cigareets meself as a steady diet, but I'll wager there's them that takes as much pleasure out of a cigareet as Oi do frum me pipe, widout a divil a bit more harum.

The cigareet gets credit fur doin' harum it never done at all, at all. Fer example, some good old busybody has a son that she's kept tied to her apron strings till he's nearly a man. She sinds him to college. There the lad, who is not bad, but only a fool, cuts loose entirely, hits it up iviry night, drowns thots of his unhappy home in booze, gets to know all the giddy girls in town, is up all night playin' tin cent limit, thinkin' he's a real spoort. An' along wid these things he smokes cigareets. When he comes home they have to call in the doctor, an' the old busybody tells the doctor that the lad is killin' himself wid cigareets. Nivir a word about the booze, an' the wimin, an' the late hours; oh, no. She knows nuthin' of all this. Then she puts on her bonnet an' goes to see all her cronies, an' a bunch of thim comes along to Ottawa to legislate agin the cigareet.

I tell ye legislation kin niver protect the fool from his foolishness. If ye are a fool, begob, ye must suffer fer it.

I saw two good fer nuthin' Italians on the street to-day makin' a livin' out of peradin' about a couple of mangy bears, beatin' the poor dumb creatures wid a pole to make thim turn summersalts agin all nature. There's somethin' fer the busybodies to think on fer a while. Make a law kapin' out from this country all such varmints that's good fer nuthin' to no wan. Am Oi right, Oi'm askin' ye?

If ye left the busybodies alone, begorrah, we'd have niver a drink, niver a smoke, nor niver a dance wid the gurls. 'Tis horrible to contemplate. They'd pass a law agin' everything. Sure, if they can pass this law agin the cigareet they'll fally it up wid a law measurin' yer food to prevint ye atin' too much, a law to boost ye out of bed in time fer church, a law to prevint yer wife frum lacin' too tight; an' I can tell ye if they do this last, all me pull goes to get me the job of "Inspector of the Tension of Corsets."

Give the meddlers half a chantz an' be hivins the government will have to hire half of us to inspect the other half. 'Twill be like this:—Wan of the kids will wake up in the middle of yer beauty sleep yellin', "Hurry up pa, and get up; there's foive inspectors in the kitchen waitin' fer ye to sign their papers. One's vaccinatin' the cook, one's examinin' brother Moike on the Shorter Catechism, one's fumigatin' the cat, an' the other two is waitin' to search the house fer cigareet papers."

A law is a funny thing. It is not only in the way it is expected to act; but also in the ways that no wan cud foresee.

THE RAGGED EDGE

A man there was who had a scheme, a scheme unique and bold;
He never paid old debts, and new ones he let get old,
But this yarn is of ancient date, such scheme would fail to-day;
Direct or indirectly, we all have got to PAY.

Wanting things for one's comfort that are above one's means,
Although it is not poverty, like poverty it seems;
And it isn't really what you need that pinches like the devil,
But what folks think you ought to have to keep up to their level.

To live upon the ragged edge is not a pleasant fate,
You surely lose your balance one day soon or late;
On the ragged edge you suffer one way or another,
And you have the pleasant choice if it be this way or the other.

Live within your means, without such things as make
Your little world worth while to you, and gratification take
In the idea that you're straight, and owe no man a debt;
That when your little check comes in can't easily be met.

Or, on the other hand, get all you think you need,
And owe therefor with lordly grace, and to appearances take heed.
Discount the future thus; but then beware the dun,
Who tirelessly doth follow him who into debt doth run.

THE FOOL MARKET

The supply still keeps up with the enormous and ever increasing demand for Fools, which is fortunate for the capitalist, the plutocrat, the politician, and the church who are the largest consumers in this line. The common article in the raw and entirely unsophisticated is not so largely in demand as formerly; but is still used in some localities more or less. An ever increasing demand exists for the gilded article, and competition for choice specimens in this line is always keen. A large assorted lot is maintained for special purposes in Ottawa, and, while not available on the open fool market, is held by a syndicate of politicians to be used when exigent. Accordingly this large lot is sometimes high priced, and sometimes away down below the market. Lately, owing to local conditions, market values have been much depressed. One of the strong ones of the syndicate has been heard to define them as a "bad lot." If by one means or another control could be obtained of this large assorted Ottawa lot it could be made very hot in the immediate vicinity; but such a happening is very unlikely, as the syndicate at present in possession is very strong and has lately taken measures to make such a scheme nearly hopeless. If this motley lot should suddenly be stampeded, open their eyes, become sophisticated and come to appreciate the fact that they are alive, there would be a panic and fortunes would be lost and won. There is a nervous and skittish feeling among them at this time; so a stampede is not altogether an unlikely event. Strong syndicates sometimes overshoot the mark. We would therefore advise fool-holders to skin the eye and, as some one has said, "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings." Really no one knows what fools will do.

It's a poor man who cannot offer you an opinion and a wise man accepts few.

Many are obscure and happy; a few are in the glare of publicity and suffer much therefor.

My son, Life is a game the rules of which are much complicated and difficult of apprehension.

LE VICOMTE DE ROUE D'ENGRENAGE

De ver' first ting I do for mek my introduce
Is giv' my nam', which just the sam' I tink is good excuse,
Fer tell to you an' efery wan in my ver' bess maniere,
So well's I can, vat kine of man is de bess one I don't care.

Some fellers ver' satisfy for mek' de small depense,
Don't spend a cent everywhere she's went. I'm not dat kine of gens.
De more ma debts get bigger, de more I dude'er get,
Fer stay on top you must not stop for trow on style, you bet.

I'm work on the G. T. P., an' know my own bizness,
I'm strong lak a beef wid efery chief an' can mak' the grand finesse.
I have some debts so high my neck, but dat's give me no excite;
Firs' chance I get I pay my debt, an' den I be all right.

Fer sure I'm very dis-custard of de Ottawa ver' firs' class,
Who hold the nose an' donat let de clothes touch me wen dey pass.
But wait a minit, Mr. Snobbs, I'm not finish for you,
I'll give you surprise and mek' you cognize le Vicomte de la Roue.

Suppose I want someting, I get it, you bet my life,
Anyone come for spoil my game for sure he's get de knife.
I tell you wan ting ver' sure, if you want for success
Go for it rough, and mek' big bluff, an' you get it, I guess!!

The gentle art of saying nothing is about to become a lost art.

The higher up you get the harder to keep your equilibrium and the bigger the bump when you come down.

Some men generally tell the truth, some often tell it, many seldom tell it, some have to have it dragged from them, and to a large number it is an unknown quantity.

THE STORY OF A FULL GROWN MAN

A full grown man once had a position in the Civil Service. He did the work of an average office boy in the business world, but drew the salary of a man. The full grown man was not ashamed of this. In fact, on the Q.T. he was of the opinion that he was a very clever fellow, and that the work he did was very important. The full grown man's wife was a very different kind of person. She was of the opinion that hubby was a pure mutton, and that he was lucky to be in the Service; but she kept her opinion dark, and among her friends, whom she referred to as "Society," she groaned over the fact that hubby was "so unlucky"; that it was a shame the way he was paid; that he was so clever, don't you know,—and other things, which she thought people believed.

One evening when the full grown man and wife were out at an affair, wifie began performing her conversational ledger-demain on a stranger who appeared to listen to her with great patience. The stranger was a man who had been twenty years in business, and had lately accepted a Civil Service position—with thanks.

The stranger knew the full grown man. He made him tired. So when wifie said that the Civil Service was only a bread and butter mill, he said in reply: 'Madam, it seems to me very unlikely that a man who can make jam for his bread outside the service would content himself with bread and butter for twenty years."

And wifie fell dead, and the next month the full grown man was superannuated on "nothing" per year, and a school girl put in his place.

Moral—Never crowd your luck.

It costs money to appear to be somebody in particular.

'Tis folly to be superfluously honest, but do your stealing with discretion.

Any fool can separate himself from money, but no fool can connect himself with ten thousand a year without a concatenation of fortuitous circumstances.

JAKE'S WISH

Two Hebrew gents named Mose and Jake once took a little walk
To gaze upon the scenery and have a little talk.
Both were lean and hungry, poor and shabby unto rags;
But both were full determined to climb life's rocky crags.
They talked about their hopes, their fears and wealthy dreams,
As folks do sometimes who have known dire poverty's extremes.
And then they fell to wishing, a foolish thing to do;
But innocent and pleasing, and it costs so little, too.
Jake wished this and Moses that; for wealth of various kinds;
Diamonds, gold, and precious things, according to their minds;
When, as a mountain came in view, Jake had a great big think,
And voiced a wish so mighty it made meek Moses blink.
Said he, "See, Mose, dot great big hill piled up so mighty grand;
I vish dat it vass solid gold, and in the hollow of my hand;
All mine to do vith as I vould, then I'd buy power and place;
Kings would come and bow to me, for I would be the ACE."
"Oh! s'elp me," cried out Moses, between a gasp and groan,
"If dat vas true, vould you giff me some?"
Said Jake, "GET A VISH OF YER OWN."

No man can live up to his own ideal let alone that of his wife.

It is better to be a live Civil Servant than a dead Governor-General.

Merit is a useful thing to have in connection with a pull, but it is not necessary.

A High Salary is an imaginary sum of money; such a thing does not exist in fact.

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